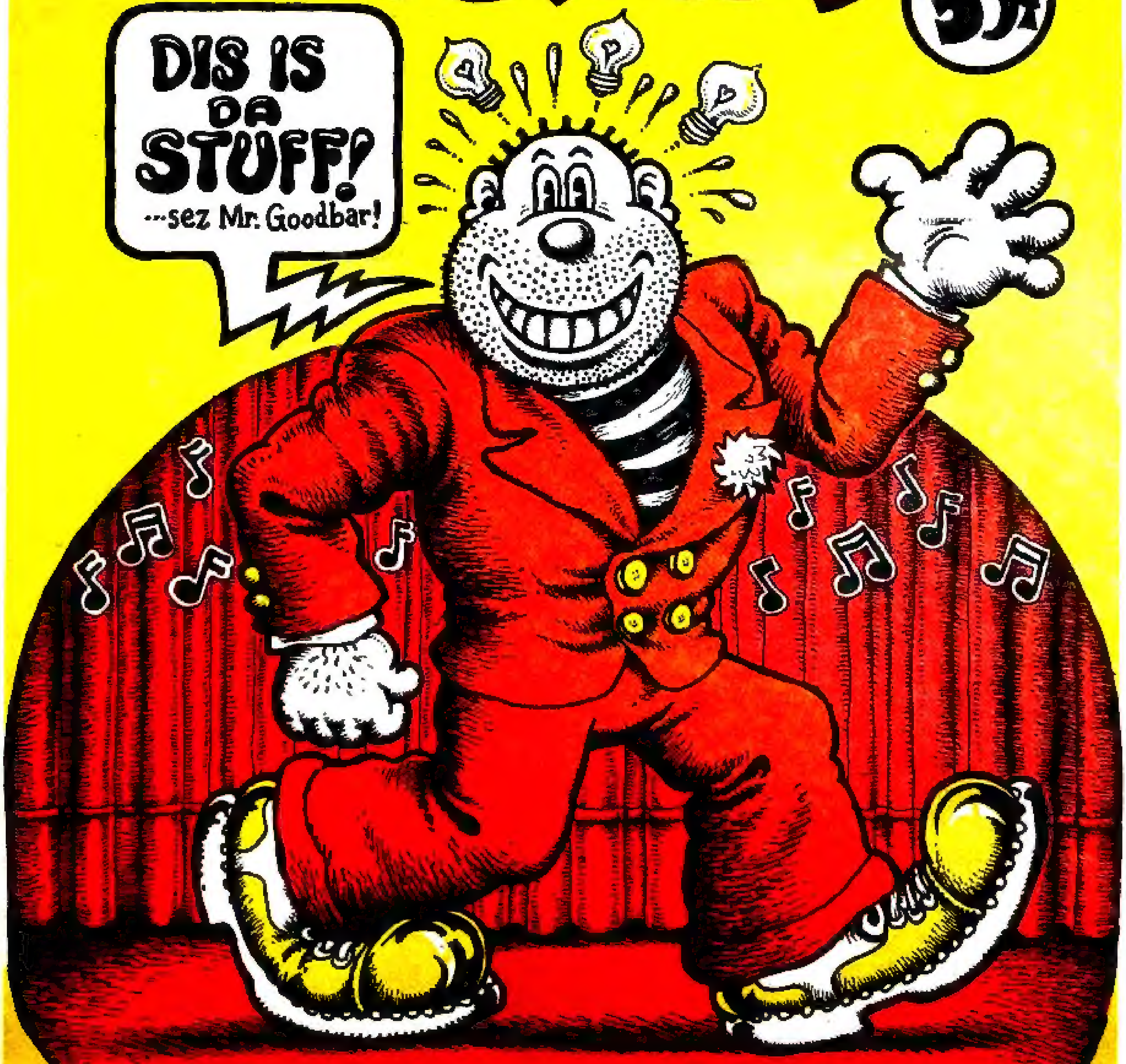
GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS LTD.
PRESENTS THE FIRST MONTHLY UNDERGROUND COMIC PAPER

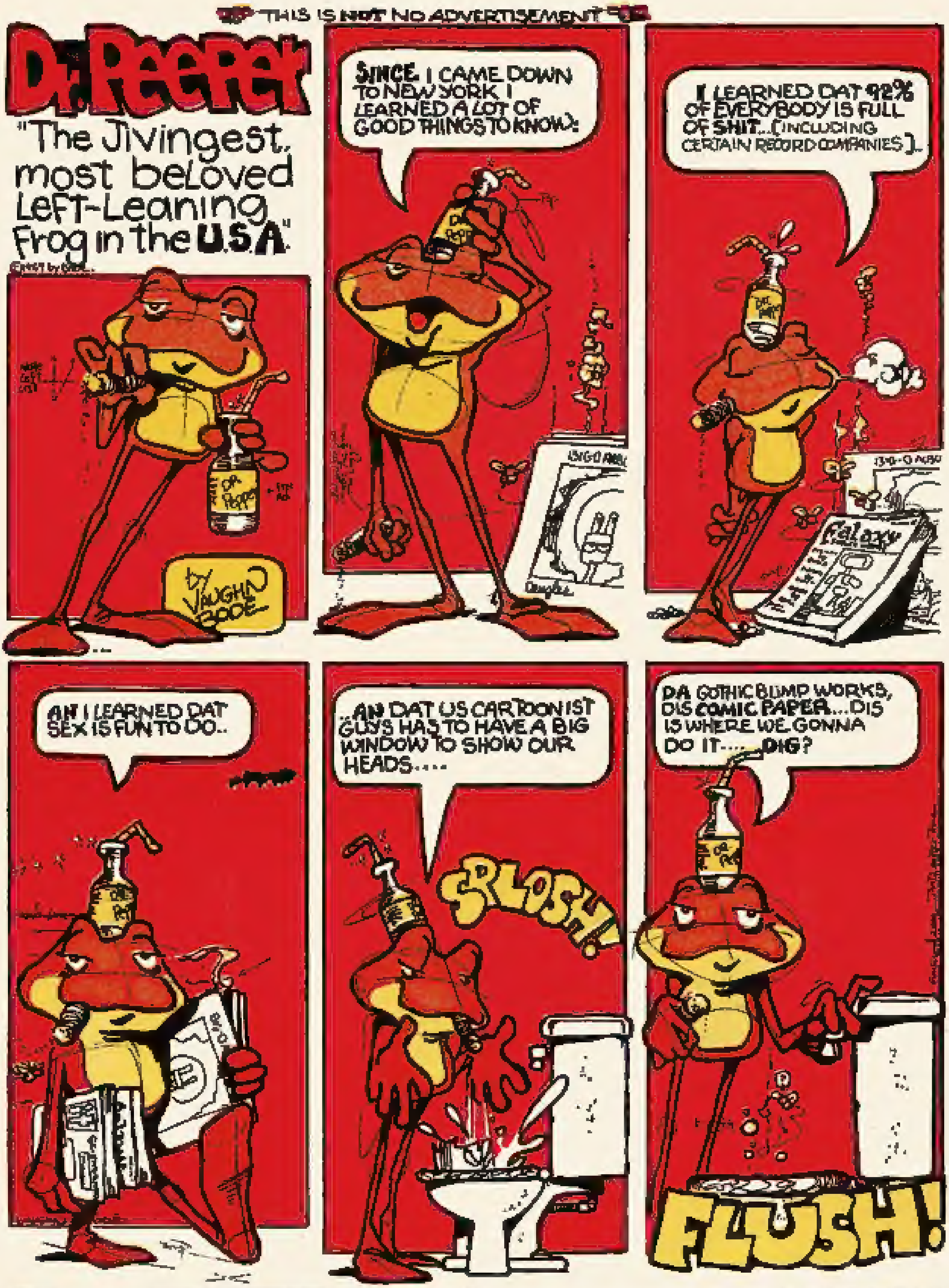
Jive Comics

35¢



DIS IS DA STUFF! ...sez Mr. Goodbar!
R.CRUMB

ADULTS ONLY


THIS IS NOT NO ADVERTISEMENT
Dr. Peeper
"The Jivingest, most beloved Left-Leaning Frog in the U.S.A."
by VAUGHN BODE
SINCE I CAME DOWN TO NEW YORK I LEARNED A LOT OF GOOD THINGS TO KNOW:
I LEARNED DAT 92% OF EVERYBODY IS FULL OF SHIT...(INCLUDING CERTAIN RECORD COMPANIES).
Galaxy
AN I LEARNED DAT SEX IS FUN TO DO..
..AN DAT US CARTOON IST GUYS HAS TO HAVE A BIG WINDOW TO SHOW OUR HEADS....
SPLOSH!
DA GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS, DIS COMIC PAPER...DIS IS WHERE WE GONNA DO IT.....DIG?
FLUSH!

EDITOR: VAUGHN BODE. **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**: ROBERT CRUMB, KIM DEITCH AND SPAIN
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS: ART SPIEGELMAN, JAY LYNCH, GEORGE METZGER, LARRY TODD, JOEL BECK
S. CLAY WILSON, JOHN THOMPSON, DOUG LOVENSTEIN AND (NATURALLY) FAMOUS ROGER BRAND
ART DIRECTOR: PETER MIKALAJUNAS. **PUBLISHER** & CAPITALIST EXPLOITER: PETER LEGGIERI

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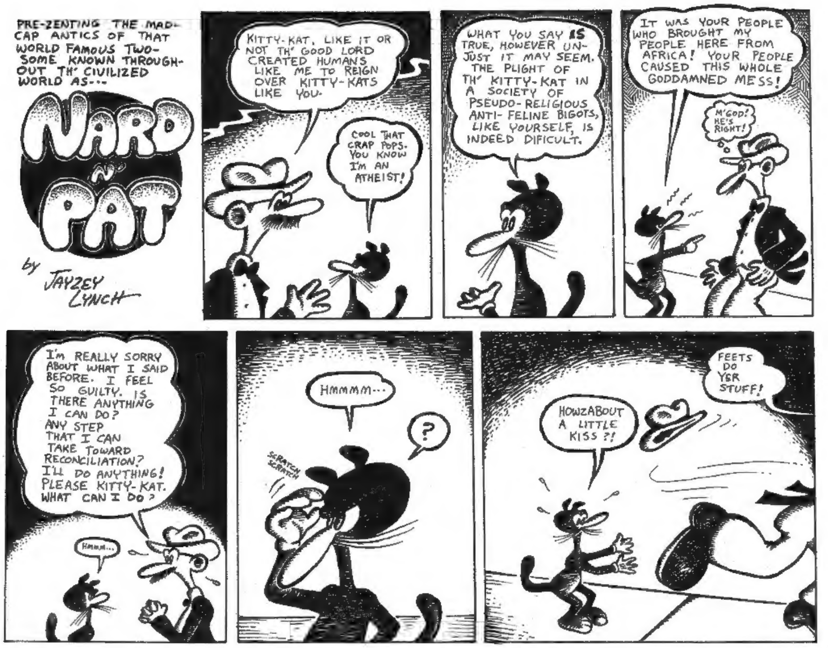
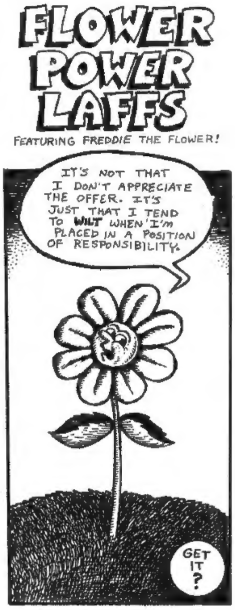
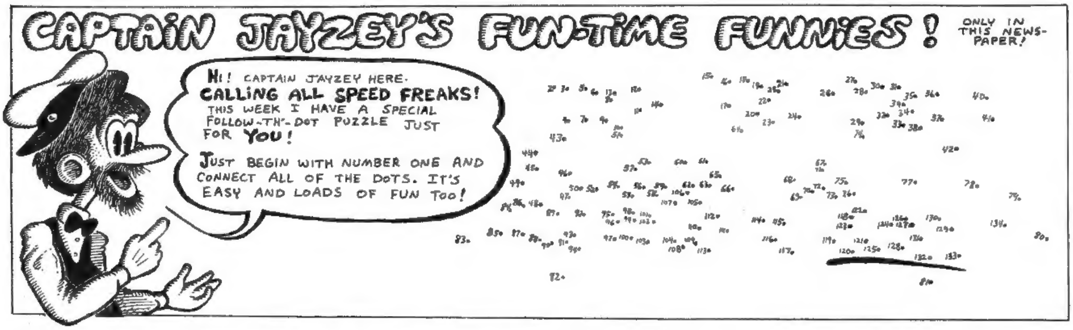
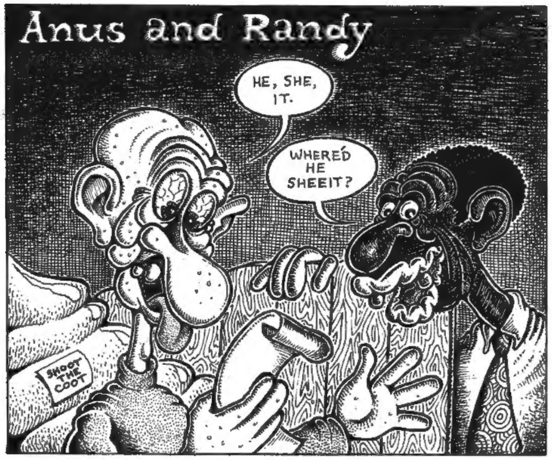
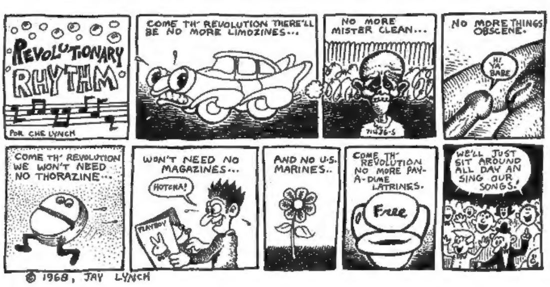
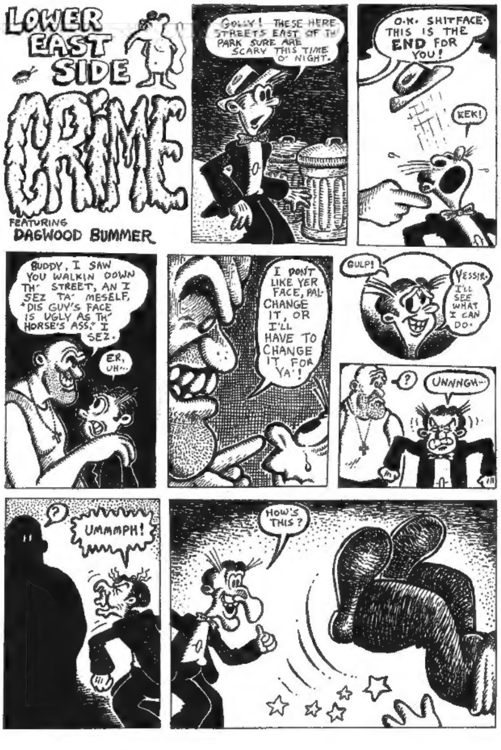

PRE-ZENTING THE MAD-CAP ANTICS OF THAT WORLD FAMOUS TWO-SOME KNOWN THROUGH-OUT TH' CIVILIZED WORLD AS---
NARD N' PAT
by JAYZEY LYNCH
KITTY-KAT, LIKE IT OR NOT TH' GOOD LORD CREATED HUMANS LIKE ME TO REIGN OVER KITTY-KATS LIKE YOU.
COOL THAT CRAP POPS. YOU KNOW I'M AN ATHEIST!
WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, HOWEVER UN-JUST IT MAY SEEM. THE PLIGHT OF TH' KITTY-KAT IN A SOCIETY OF PSEUDO-RELIGIOUS ANTI-FELINE BIGOTS, LIKE YOURSELF, IS INDEED DIFICULT.
IT WAS YOUR PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT MY PEOPLE HERE FROM AFRICA! YOUR PEOPLE CAUSED THIS WHOLE GODDAMNED MESS!
M'GOD! HE'S RIGHT!
I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT WHAT I SAID BEFORE. I FEEL SO GUILTY. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO? ANY STEP THAT I CAN TAKE TOWARD RECONCILIATION? I'LL DO ANYTHING! PLEASE KITTY-KAT. WHAT CAN I DO?
HMMM...
HMMMM...
SCRATCH SCRATCH
?
FEETS DO YER STUFF!
HOWZABOUT A LITTLE KISS?!


FLOWER POWER LAFFS
FEATURING FREDDIE THE FLOWER!
IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T APPRECIATE THE OFFER. IT'S JUST THAT I TEND TO WILT WHEN I'M PLACED IN A POSITION OF RESPONSIBILITY.
GET IT ?


CAPTAIN JAYZEY'S FUN-TIME FUNNIES!
ONLY IN THIS NEWS-PAPER!
HI! CAPTAIN JAYZEY HERE. CALLING ALL SPEED FREAKS! THIS WEEK I HAVE A SPECIAL FOLLOW-TH'-DOT PUZZLE JUST FOR YOU!
JUST BEGIN WITH NUMBER ONE AND CONNECT ALL OF THE DOTS. IT'S EASY AND LOADS OF FUN TOO!


Anus and Randy
HE, SHE, IT.
WHERE'D HE SHEEIT?
SHOOT THE COOT


REVOLUTIONARY RHYTHM
FOR CHE LYNCH
COME TH' REVOLUTION THERE'LL BE NO MORE LIMOZINES...
NO MORE MISTER CLEAN...
71436-S
NO MORE THINGS OBSCENE.
HI YA' BABE
COME TH' REVOLUTION WE WON'T NEED NO THORAZINE...
WON'T NEED NO MAGAZINES...
HOTCHA!
PLAYBOY
AND NO U.S. MARINES..
COME TH' REVOLUTION NO MORE PAY-A-DIME LATRINES.
Free
WE'LL JUST SIT AROUND ALL DAY AN SING OUR SONGS!


LOWER EAST SIDE CRIME
FEATURING DAGWOOD BUMMER
GOLLY! THESE HERE STREETS EAST OF TH' PARK SURE ARE SCARY THIS TIME O' NIGHT.
O.K. SHITFACE. THIS IS THE END FOR YOU!
EEK!
BUDDY, I SAW YOU WALKIN DOWN TH' STREET, AN I SEZ TA' MESELF, "DIS GUY'S FACE IS UGLY AS TH' HORSE'S ASS," I SEZ.
ER, UH...
I DON'T LIKE YER FACE, PAL. CHANGE IT, OR I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE IT FOR YA'!
GULP!
YESSIR. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
?
UNNNGH...
?
UMMMPH!
HOW'S THIS?

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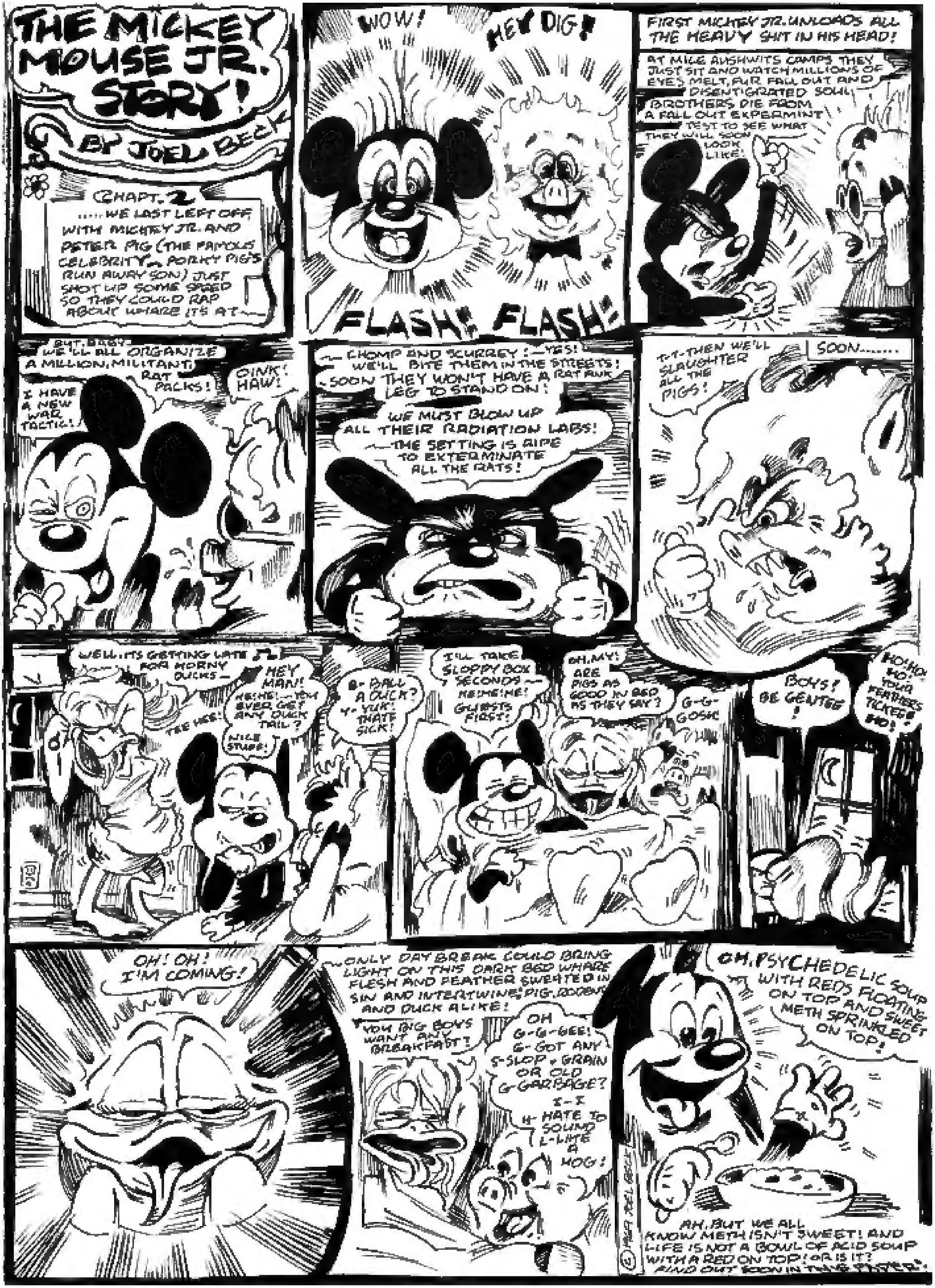
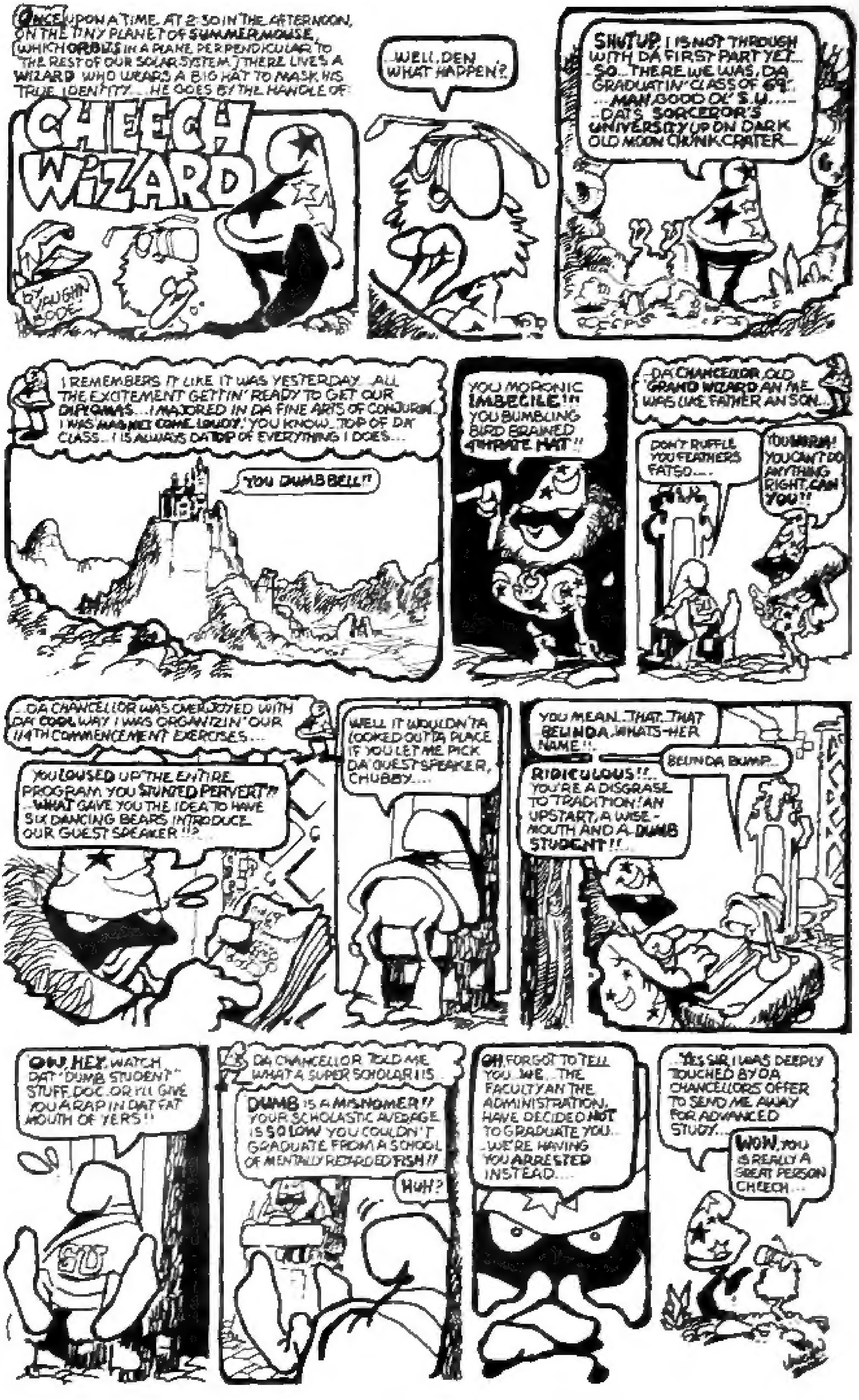
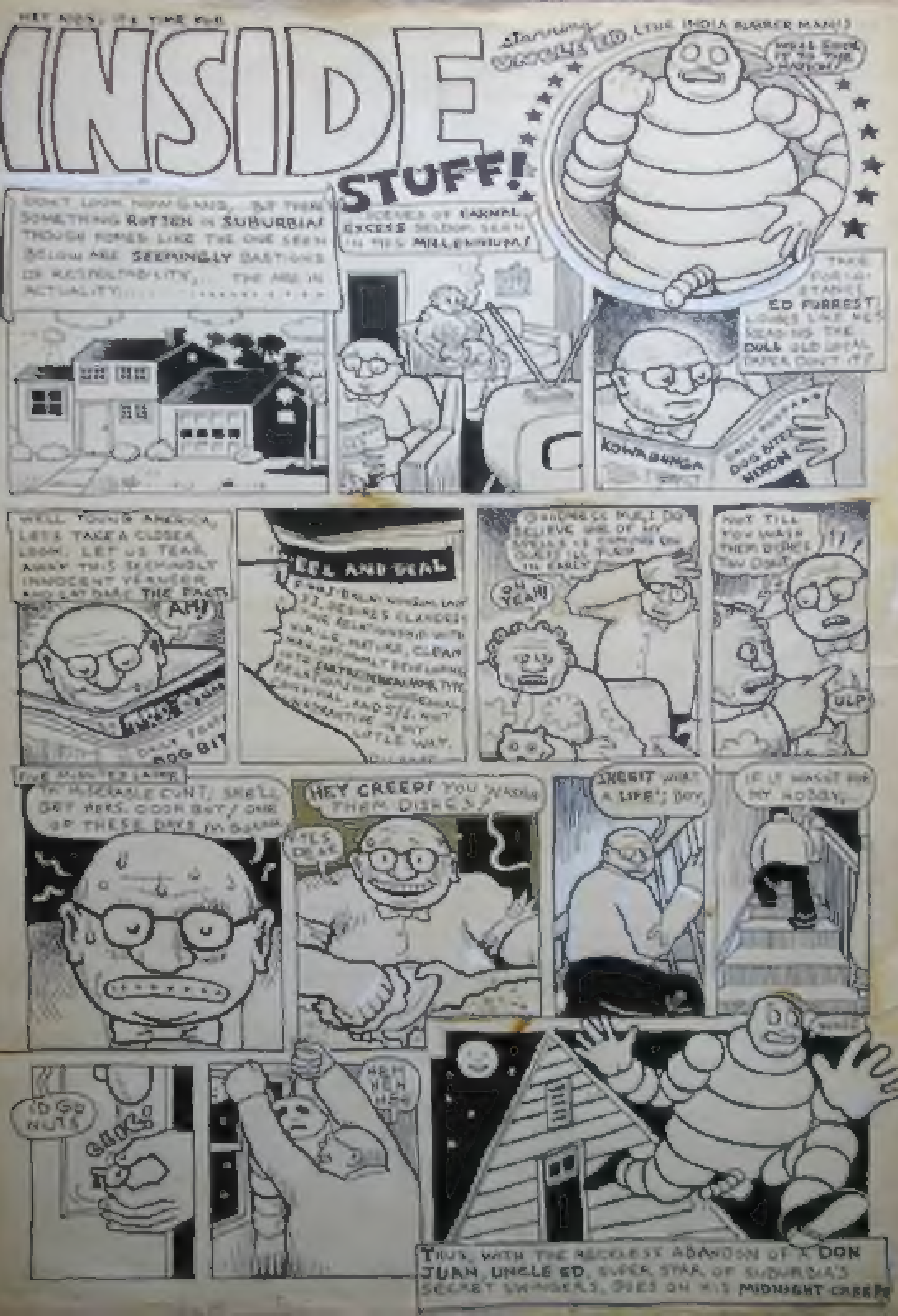
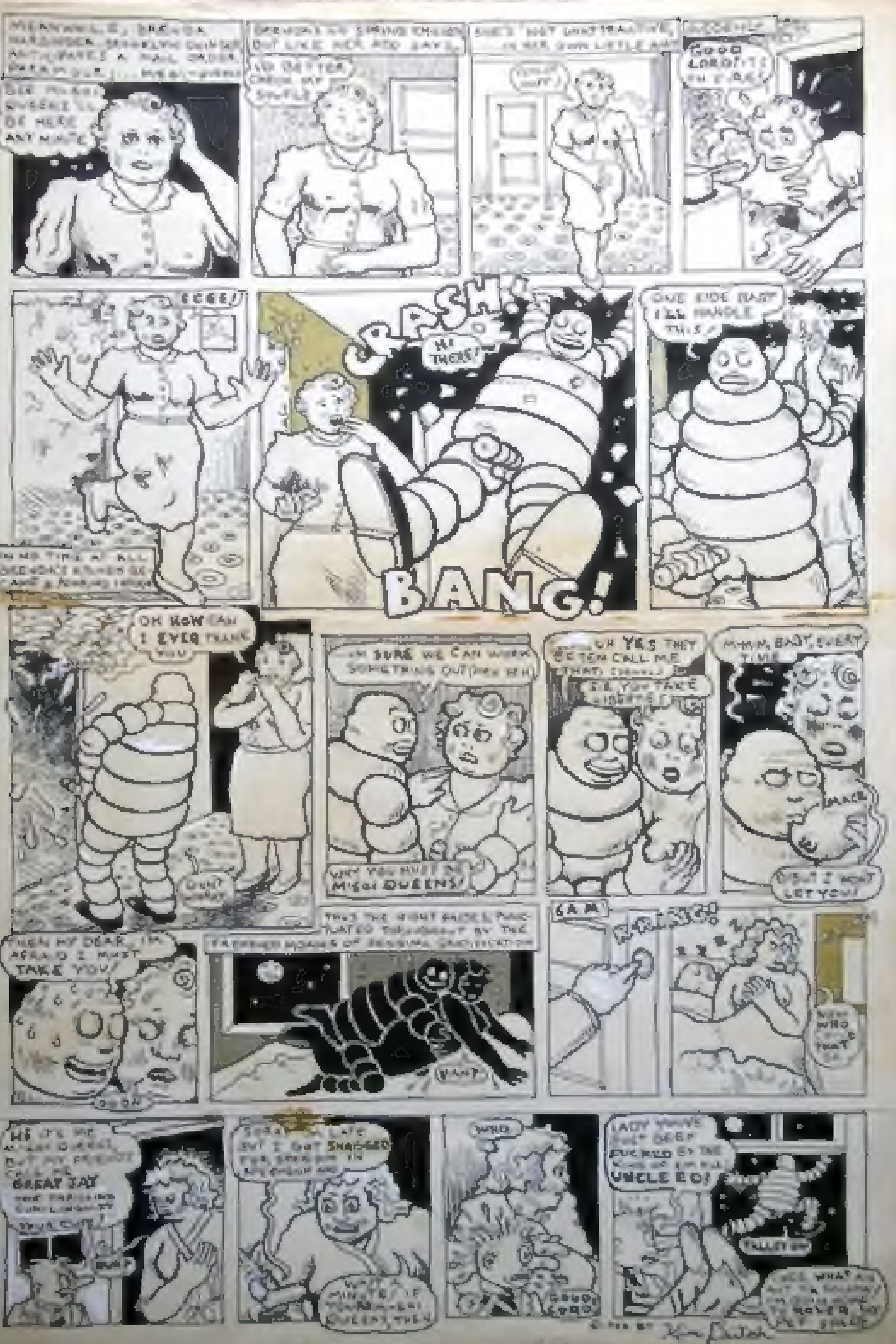
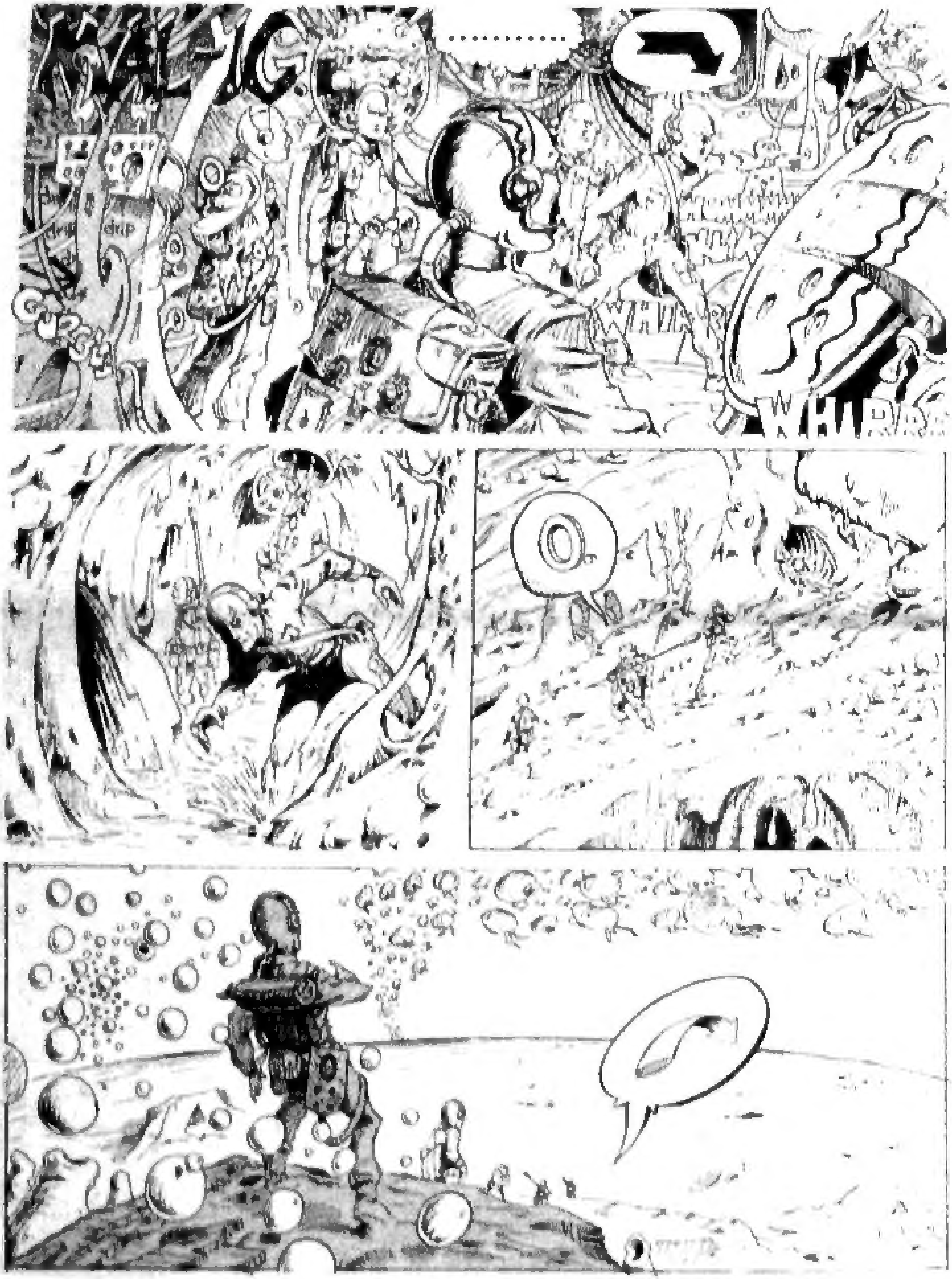

THE MICKEY MOUSE JR. STORY!
BY JOEL BECK
CHAPT. 2
.....WE LAST LEFT OFF WITH MICKEY JR. AND PETER PIG (THE FAMOUS CELEBRITY, PORKY PIG'S RUN AWAY SON) JUST SHOT UP SOME SPEED SO THEY COULD RAP ABOUT WHARE ITS AT—
WOW!
HEY DIG!
FLASH! FLASH!
FIRST MICKEY JR. UNLOADS ALL THE HEAVY SHIT IN HIS HEAD!
AT MICE AUSHWITS CAMPS THEY JUST SIT AND WATCH MILLIONS OF EYES MELT, FUR FALL OUT AND DISENTIGRATED SOUL BROTHERS DIE FROM A FALL OUT EXPERMINT TEST TO SEE WHAT THEY WILL SOON LOOK LIKE!
BUT, BABY WE'LL ALL ORGANIZE A MILLION, MILITANT, RAT PACKS!
I HAVE A NEW WAR TACTIC!
OINK! HAW!
— CHOMP AND SCURREY! — YES! WE'LL BITE THEM IN THE STREETS! SOON THEY WON'T HAVE A RAT FINK LEG TO STAND ON!
WE MUST BLOW UP ALL THEIR RADIATION LABS!
— THE SETTING IS RIPE TO EXTERMINATE ALL THE RATS!
T-T-THEN WE'LL SLAUGHTER ALL THE PIGS!
SOON......
WELL, ITS GETTING LATE FOR HORNY DUCKS —
TEE HEE!
HEY MAN! HE!HE! — YOU EVER GET ANY DUCK TAIL?
NICE STUFF!
B-BALL A DUCK? Y-YUK! THAT'S SICK!
I'LL TAKE SLOPPY BOX SECONDS — HE!HE!HE! GUESTS FIRST!
OH, MY! ARE PIGS AS GOOD IN BED AS THEY SAY?
G-G-GOSH!
BOYS! BE GENTLE!
HO! HO! HO! YOUR FEATHERS TICKLE! HO!
OH! OH! I'M COMING!
— ONLY DAY BREAK COULD BRING LIGHT ON THIS DARK BED WHARE FLESH AND FEATHER SWEATED IN SIN AND INTERTWINE; PIG, RODENT AND DUCK ALIKE!
YOU BIG BOYS WANT ANY BREAKFAST?
OH G-G-GEE! G-GOT ANY S-SLOP + GRAIN OR OLD G-GARBAGE?
I-I H-HATE TO SOUND L-LIKE A HOG!
OH, PSYCHEDELIC SOUP WITH REDS FLOATING ON TOP AND SWEET METH SPRINKLED ON TOP!
AH, BUT WE ALL KNOW METH ISN'T SWEET! AND LIFE IS NOT A BOWL OF ACID SOUP WITH A RED ON TOP! OR IS IT? FIND OUT SOON IN THIS PAPER!
© 1968 JOEL BECK

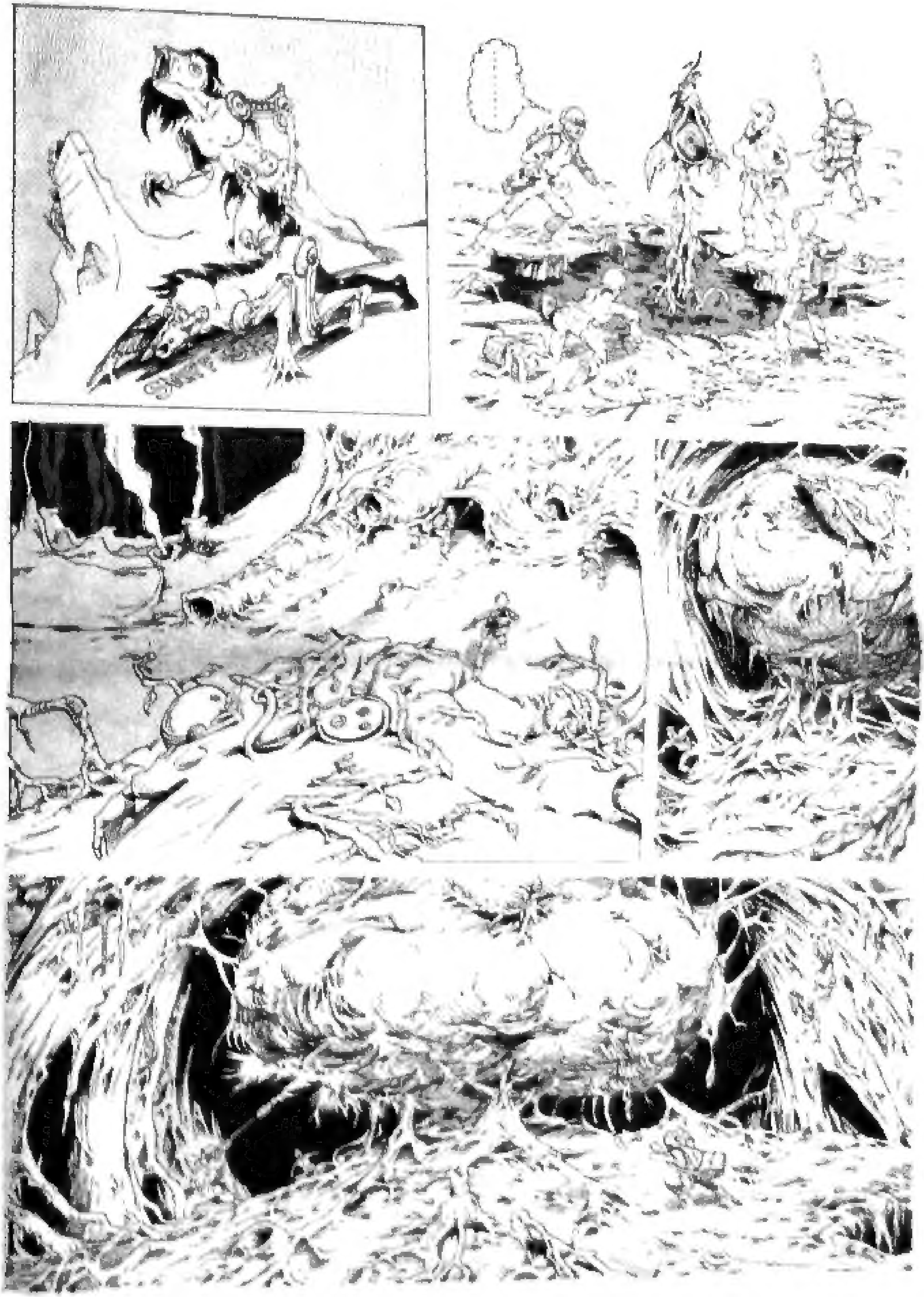

ONCE UPON A TIME, AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, ON THE TINY PLANET OF SUMMERMOUSE, (WHICH ORBITS IN A PLANE PERPENDICULAR TO THE REST OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM) THERE LIVES A WIZARD WHO WEARS A BIG HAT TO MASK HIS TRUE IDENTITY.... HE GOES BY THE HANDLE OF:
CHEECH WIZARD
BY VAUGHN BODE
..WELL, DEN WHAT HAPPEN?
SHUTUP, I IS NOT THROUGH WITH DA FIRST PART YET... ..SO... THERE WE WAS, DA GRADUATIN' CLASS OF 69... ...MAN GOOD OL' S.U..... ..DATS SORCEROR'S UNIVERSITY UP ON DARK OLD MOON CHUNK CRATER...
I REMEMBERS IT LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY...ALL THE EXCITEMENT GETTIN' READY TO GET OUR DIPLOMAS... I MAJORED IN DA FINE ARTS OF CONJURIN'. I WAS MAGNET CUME LOUDY! YOU KNOW...TOP OF DA CLASS... I IS ALWAYS DA TOP OF EVERYTHING I DOES...
YOU DUMBBELL!!
YOU MORONIC IMBECILE!!! YOU BUMBLING BIRD BRAINED 4th RATE HAT!!
..DA CHANCELLOR, OLD GRAND WIZARD AN ME WAS LIKE FATHER AN SON...
DON'T RUFFLE YOU FEATHERS FATSO....
YOU WORM! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT, CAN YOU!!
..DA CHANCELLOR WAS OVERJOYED WITH DA COOL WAY I WAS ORGANIZIN' OUR 114TH COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES...
YOU LOUSED UP THE ENTIRE PROGRAM YOU STUNTED PERVERT!! ..WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA TO HAVE SIX DANCING BEARS INTRODUCE OUR GUEST SPEAKER!!?...
WELL IT WOULDN'TA LOOKED OUTTA PLACE IF YOU LET ME PICK DA GUEST SPEAKER, CHUBBY....
YOU MEAN...THAT...THAT BELINDA WHATS-HER NAME!!..
BELINDA BUMP...
RIDICULOUS!!.. YOU'RE A DISGRASE TO TRADITION! AN UPSTART, A WISE-MOUTH AND A DUMB STUDENT!!...
OW, HEY, WATCH DAT "DUMB STUDENT" STUFF, DOC, OR I'LL GIVE YOU A RAP IN DAT FAT MOUTH OF YERS!!
DA CHANCELLOR TOLD ME WHAT A SUPER SCHOLAR I IS...
DUMB IS A MISNOMER!! YOUR SCHOLASTIC AVERAGE IS SO LOW YOU COULDN'T GRADUATE FROM A SCHOOL OF MENTALLY RETARDED FISH!!
HUH?
OH, FORGOT TO TELL YOU...WE... THE FACULTY AN THE ADMINISTRATION, HAVE DECIDED NOT TO GRADUATE YOU... ..WE'RE HAVING YOU ARRESTED INSTEAD....
...YES SIR, I WAS DEEPLY TOUCHED BY DA CHANCELLORS OFFER TO SEND ME AWAY FOR ADVANCED STUDY....
WOW, YOU IS REALLY A GREAT PERSON CHEECH...
SU

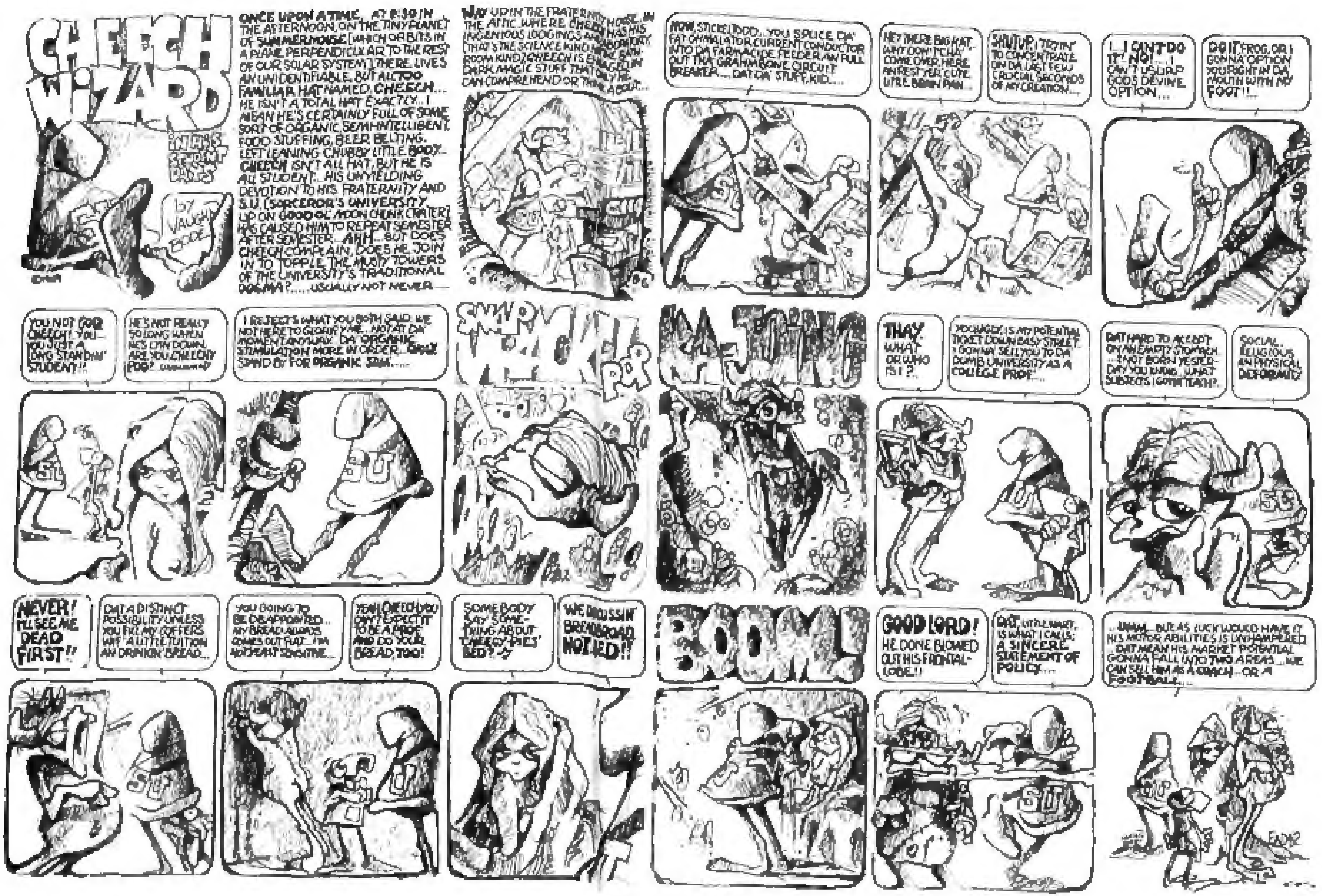

HEY KIDS, IT'S TIME FOR
INSIDE STUFF!
STARRING UNCLE ED (THE INDIA RUBBER MAN!)
WELL GANG, IT'S TO THE [illegible]!
DON'T LOOK NOW GANG, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN IN SUBURBIA! THOUGH HOMES LIKE THE ONE SEEN BELOW ARE SEEMINGLY BASTIONS OF RESPECTABILITY,... THEY ARE IN ACTUALITY......
SCENES OF CARNAL EXCESS SELDOM SEEN IN THIS MILLENNIUM!
TAKE FOR INSTANCE ED FURREST, LOOKS LIKE HE'S READING THE DULL OLD LOCAL PAPER DON'T IT?
KOWABUNGA
DAILY [illegible] DOG BITES NIXON
WELL YOUNG AMERICA, LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK. LET US TEAR AWAY THIS SEEMINGLY INNOCENT VENEER AND LAY BARE THE FACTS
AH!
DAILY [illegible] DOG BIT
FEEL AND DEAL
[illegible] 33, DESIRES CLANDESTINE RELATIONSHIP WITH [illegible] MATURE, CLEAN [illegible] INTO [illegible] TYPE RELATIONSHIP [illegible] AND S/4. MUST [illegible] LITTLE WAY.
GOODNESS ME, I DO BELIEVE ONE OF MY SPELLS IS COMING ON DEAR. I'LL TURN IN EARLY
OH YEAH!
NOT TILL YOU WASH THEM DISHES YOU DON'T
ULP!
FIVE MINUTES LATER
THE MISERABLE CUNT, SHE'LL GET HERS, GOOD BUT, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA
HEY CREEP! YOU WASHIN THEM DISHES?
YES DEAR
SHEEIT WHAT A LIFE"; BOY,
IF IT WASN'T FOR MY HOBBY,...
I'D GO NUTS
CLICK!
HMM YEH HEH
THUS, WITH THE RECKLESS ABANDON OF A DON JUAN, UNCLE ED, SUPER STAR OF SUBURBIA'S SECRET SWINGERS, GOES ON HIS MIDNIGHT CREEP!

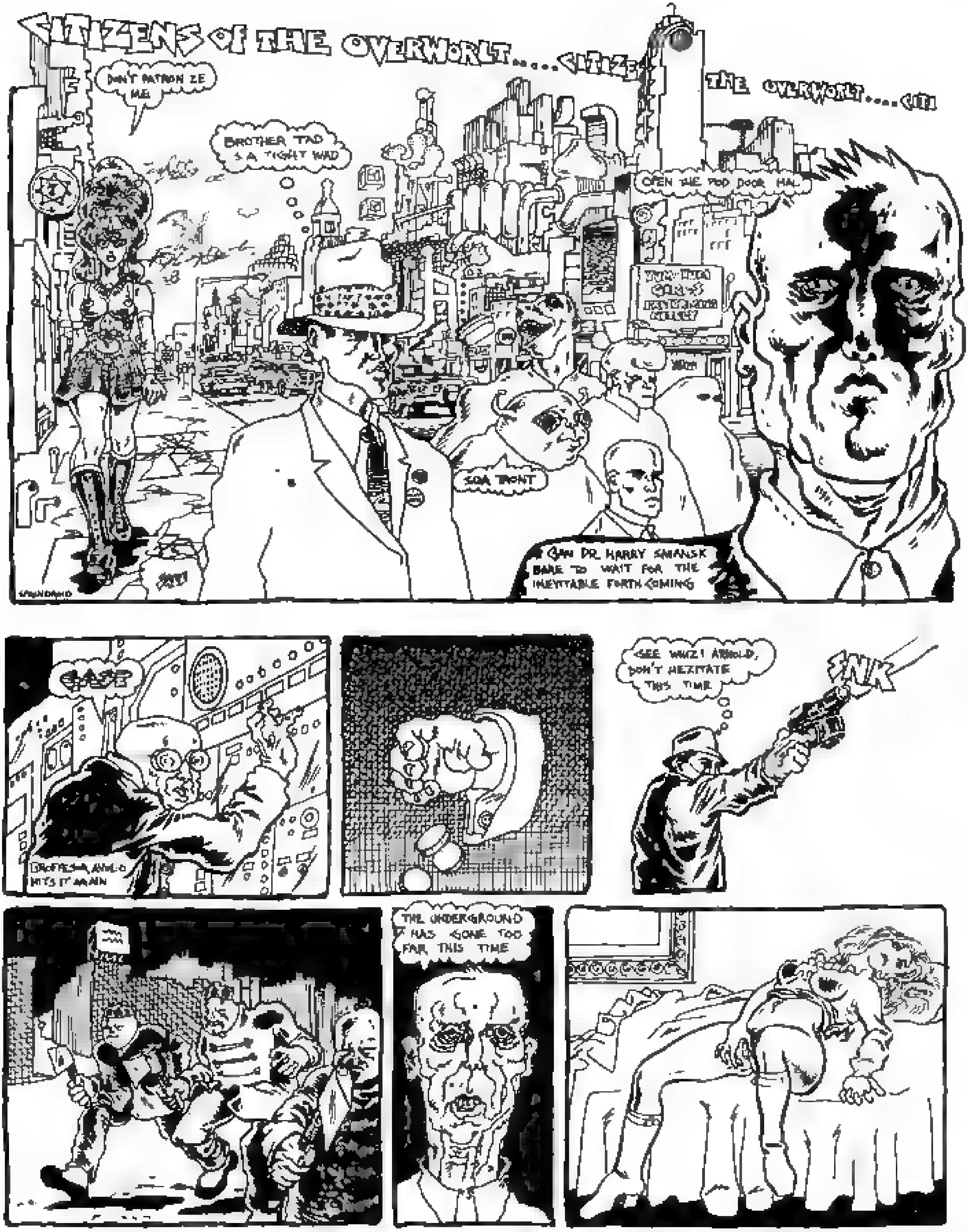

MEANWHILE, BRENDA HARDINGER, BROOKLYN ... ANTICIPATES A MAIL ORDER ... M'GOI QUEENS
SIR M'GOI QUEENS'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE
BRENDA'S ... SPRING CHICKEN BUT LIKE HER AND SAYS,
I'D BETTER CHECK MY SOUFFLE
SHE'S NOT UNATTRACTIVE, IN HER OWN LITTLE WAY
SUDDENLY
GOOD LORD! IT'S ON FIRE!
EEEE!
IN NO TIME AT ALL BRENDA'S KITCHEN BECAME A ROARING INFERNO
CRASH!
HI THERE!
BANG!
ONE SIDE BABY I'LL HANDLE THIS!
OH HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU
DON'T WORRY
...I'M SURE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT! HEH HEH
WHY YOU MUST BE M'GOI QUEENS!
OH YES THEY OFTEN CALL ME THAT
WILL YOU TAKE LIBERTIES!
M-M-M, BABY, EVERY TIME
BUT I WON'T LET YOU!
THEN MY DEAR, I'M AFRAID I MUST TAKE YOU!
OOOH
THUS THE NIGHT PASSED, PUNCTUATED THROUGHOUT BY THE FEVERED MOANS OF SENSUAL GRATIFICATION
PANT
6 A.M.
R-RING!
WHO IS THAT
HI IT'S ME M'GOI QUEENS, BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME GREAT JAY
BURP
SORRY I'M LATE BUT I GOT SNAGGED FOR SPEEDING
WAIT A MINUTE! IF YOU'RE M'GOI QUEENS, THEN
WHO
GOOD LORD
LADY YOU'VE JUST BEEN FUCKED BY THE ... UNCLE ED!
TALLY HO
... WHAT ... ROVER ...
... Kim Deitch



drip
drip
GURGL

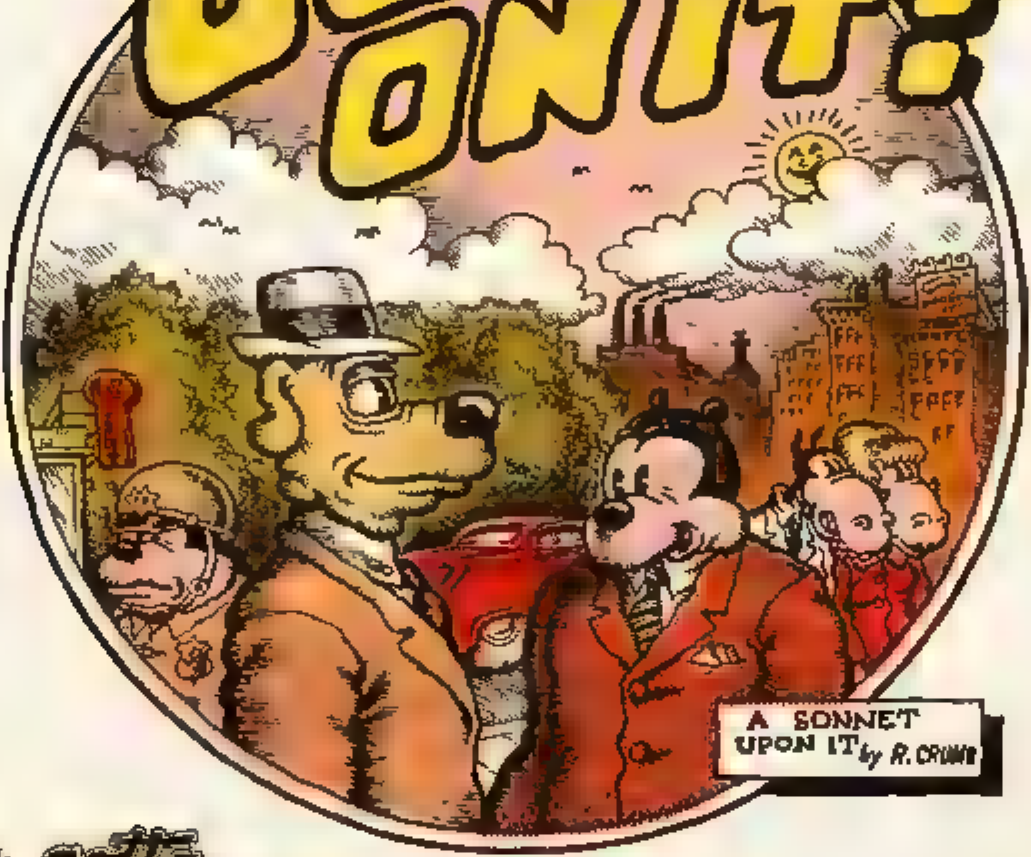



CHEECH WIZARD
IN HIS STUDENT DAZE
by VAUGHN BODE
ONCE UPON A TIME, AT 8:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, ON THE TINY PLANET OF SUMMERHOUSE [WHICH ORBITS IN A PLANE PERPENDICULAR TO THE REST OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM] THERE LIVES AN UNIDENTIFIABLE, BUT ALL TOO FAMILIAR HAT NAMED CHEECH... HE ISN'T A TOTAL HAT EXACTLY... I MEAN HE'S CERTAINLY FULL OF SOME SORT OF ORGANIC, SEMI-INTELLIGENT, FOOD STUFFING, BEER BELTING, LEFT LEANING CHUBBY LITTLE BODY... CHEECH ISN'T ALL HAT, BUT HE IS ALL STUDENT... HIS UNYIELDING DEVOTION TO HIS FRATERNITY AND S.U. (SORCEROR'S UNIVERSITY UP ON GOOD OL' MOON CHUNK CRATER) HAS CAUSED HIM TO REPEAT SEMESTER AFTER SEMESTER... AHH... BUT DOES CHEECH COMPLAIN, DOES HE JOIN IN TO TOPPLE THE MUSTY TOWERS OF THE UNIVERSITY'S TRADITIONAL DOGMA?..... USUALLY NOT NEVER—
WAY UP IN THE FRATERNITY HOUSE, IN THE ATTIC WHERE CHEECH HAS HIS INGENIOUS LODGINGS AND LABORATORY (THAT'S THE SCIENCE KIND, NOT THE BATHROOM KIND) CHEECH IS ENGAGED IN DARK MAGIC STUFF THAT ONLY HE CAN COMPREHEND OR THINK ABOUT...
NOW, STICKELDOO... YOU SPLICE DA' FAT OHMALATOR CURRENT CONDUCTOR INTO DA FARMACIDE FEEDER AN' PULL OUT THA GRAHMBONE CIRCUIT BREAKER... DAT DA' STUFF, KID...
HEY THERE BIG HAT, WHY DON'TCHA COME OVER HERE AN REST YER CUTE LITTLE BRAIN PAN...
SHUTUP, I TRYIN' TO CONCENTRATE ON DA LAST FEW CRUCIAL SECONDS OF MY CREATION...
I... I CAN'T DO IT! NO!... I CAN'T USURP GODS DEVINE OPTION...
DO IT FROG, OR I GONNA "OPTION" YOU RIGHT IN DA MOUTH WITH MY FOOT!!...
YOU NOT GOD CHEECH! YOU— YOU JUST A LONG STANDIN' STUDENT!!
HE'S NOT REALLY SO LONG WHEN HE'S LYIN DOWN, ARE YOU CHEECHY POO? ...
I REJECTS WHAT YOU BOTH SAID, WE NOT HERE TO GLORIFY ME... NOT AT DA MOMENT ANYWAY. DA ORGANIC STIMULATION MORE IN ORDER... ONLY STAND BY FOR ORGANIC SAM...
SNAP! WHACK! POP
DA-JOING
THAY. WHAT OR WHO IS I?
YOUNGER, IS MY POTENTIAL TICKET DOWN EASY STREET. I GONNA SELL YOU TO DA DUMB UNIVERSITY AS A COLLEGE PROF...
DAT HARD TO ACCEPT ON AN EMPTY STOMACH ... I NOT BORN YESTERDAY YOU KNOW... WHAT SUBJECTS I GONNA TEACH?
SOCIAL, RELIGIOUS AN PHYSICAL DEFORMITY
NEVER! I'LL SEE ME DEAD FIRST!!
DAT A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY UNLESS YOU FILL MY COFFERS WIF A LITTLE TUITION AN DRINKIN' BREAD...
YOU GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED... MY BREAD ALWAYS COMES OUT FLAT... I'M NOT GREAT SOMETIME...
YEAH CHEECH, YOU CAN'T EXPECT IT TO BE A PROF AND DO YOUR BREAD, TOO!
SOMEBODY SAY SOMETHING ABOUT "CHEECHY-PIES" BED?
WE DISCUSSIN' BREAD BROAD NOT BED!!
BOOM!
GOOD LORD! HE DONE BLOWED OUT HIS FRONTAL-LOBE!!
DAT, LITTLE HART, IS WHAT I CALLS: A SINCERE STATEMENT OF POLICY...
...UMM... BUT AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT HIS MOTOR ABILITIES IS UNHAMPERED ... DAT MEAN HIS MARKET POTENTIAL GONNA FALL INTO TWO AREAS... WE CAN SELL HIM AS A COACH... OR A FOOTBALL...
SU
BODE


CITIZENS OF THE OVERWORLT.... CITIZE THE OVERWORLT.... CITI
DON'T PATRON ZE ME
BROTHER TAD S A TIGHT WAD
OPEN THE POD DOOR HAL
SOA TRONT
CAN DR. HARRY SWANSK BARE TO WAIT FOR THE INEVITABLE FORTH COMING
CASE
PROFESSOR ARNOLD HITS IT AGAIN
SEE WHIZ! ARNOLD, DON'T HEZITATE THIS TIME
ZNK
THE UNDERGROUND HAS GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME

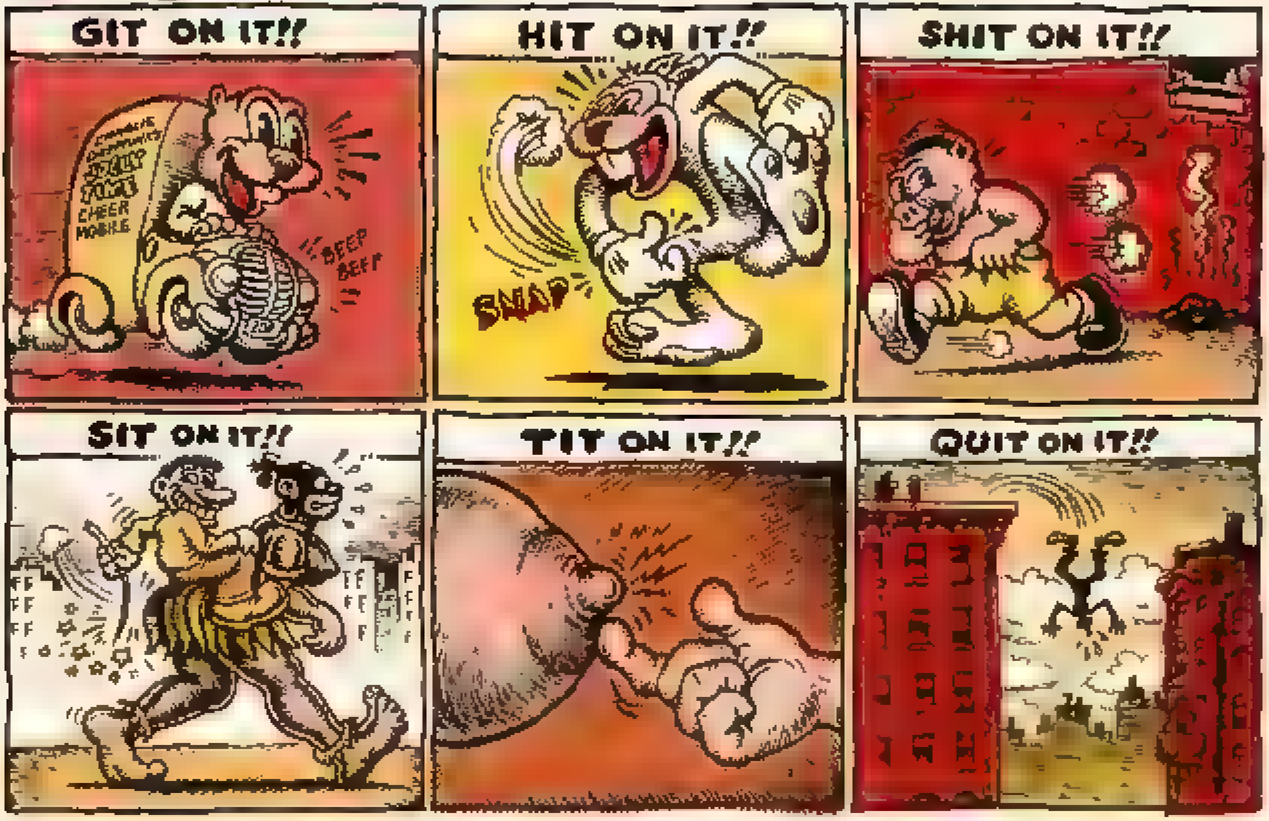
DON'T GAG ON IT...

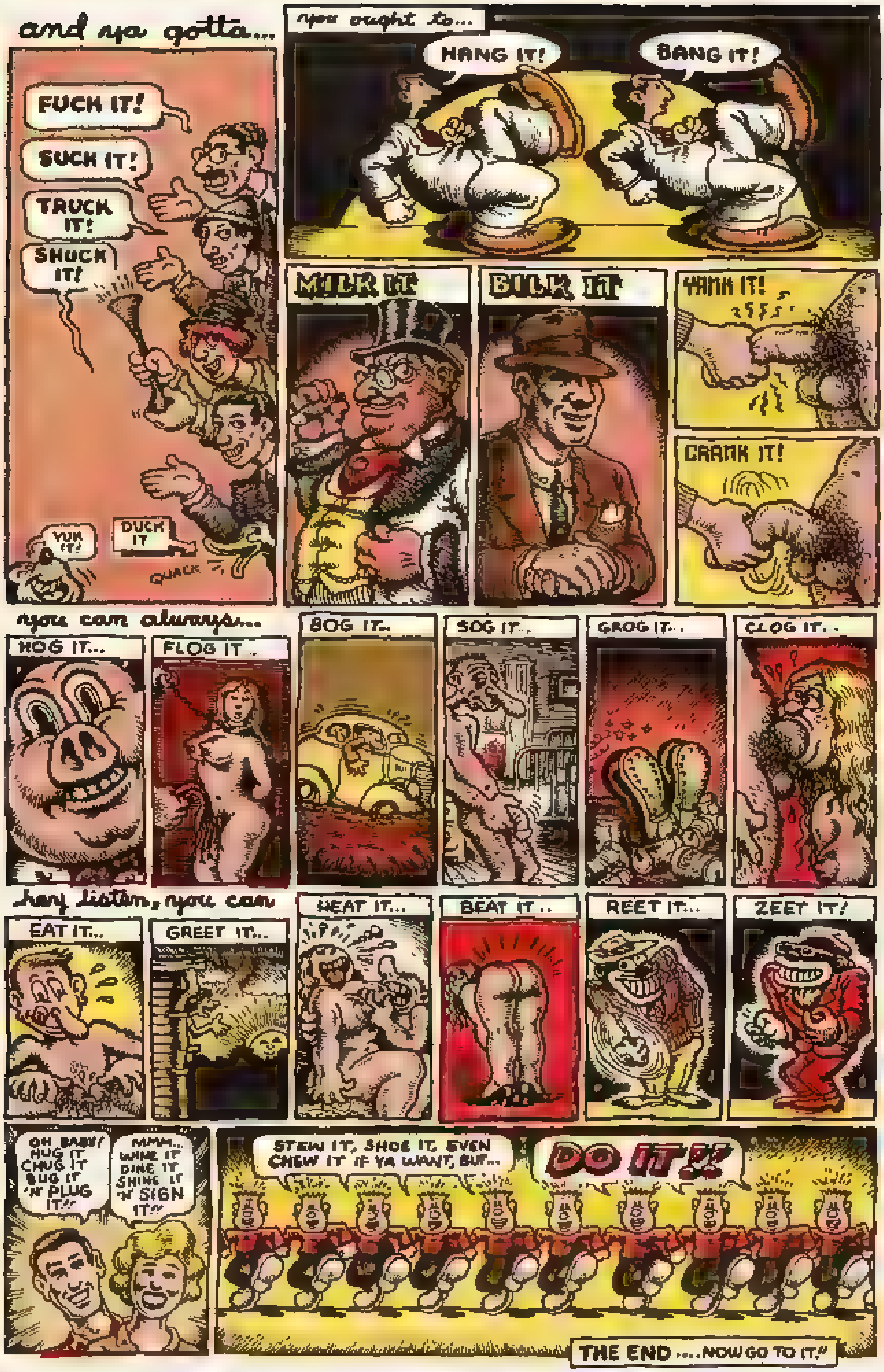
GOOF ON IT!

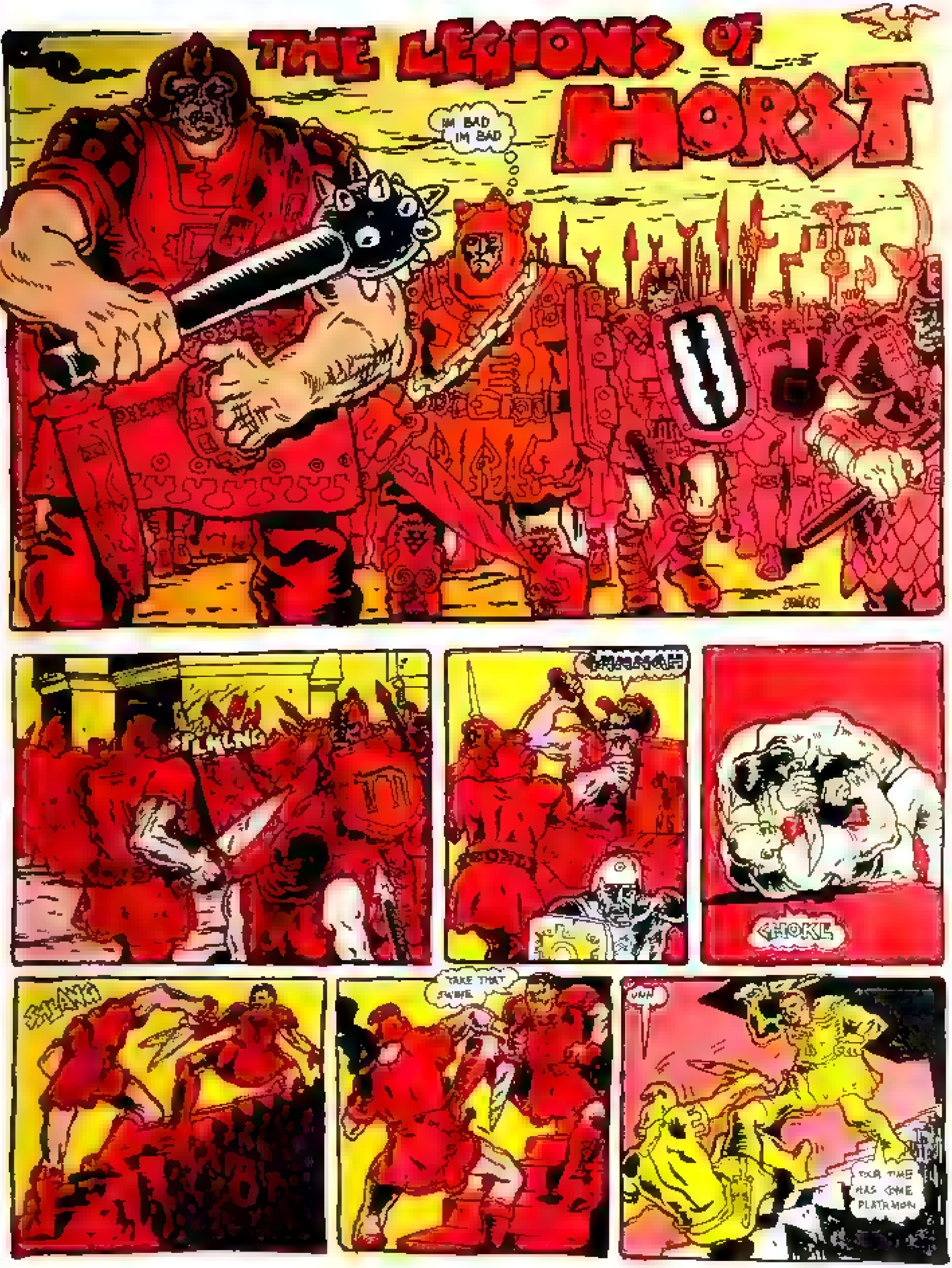


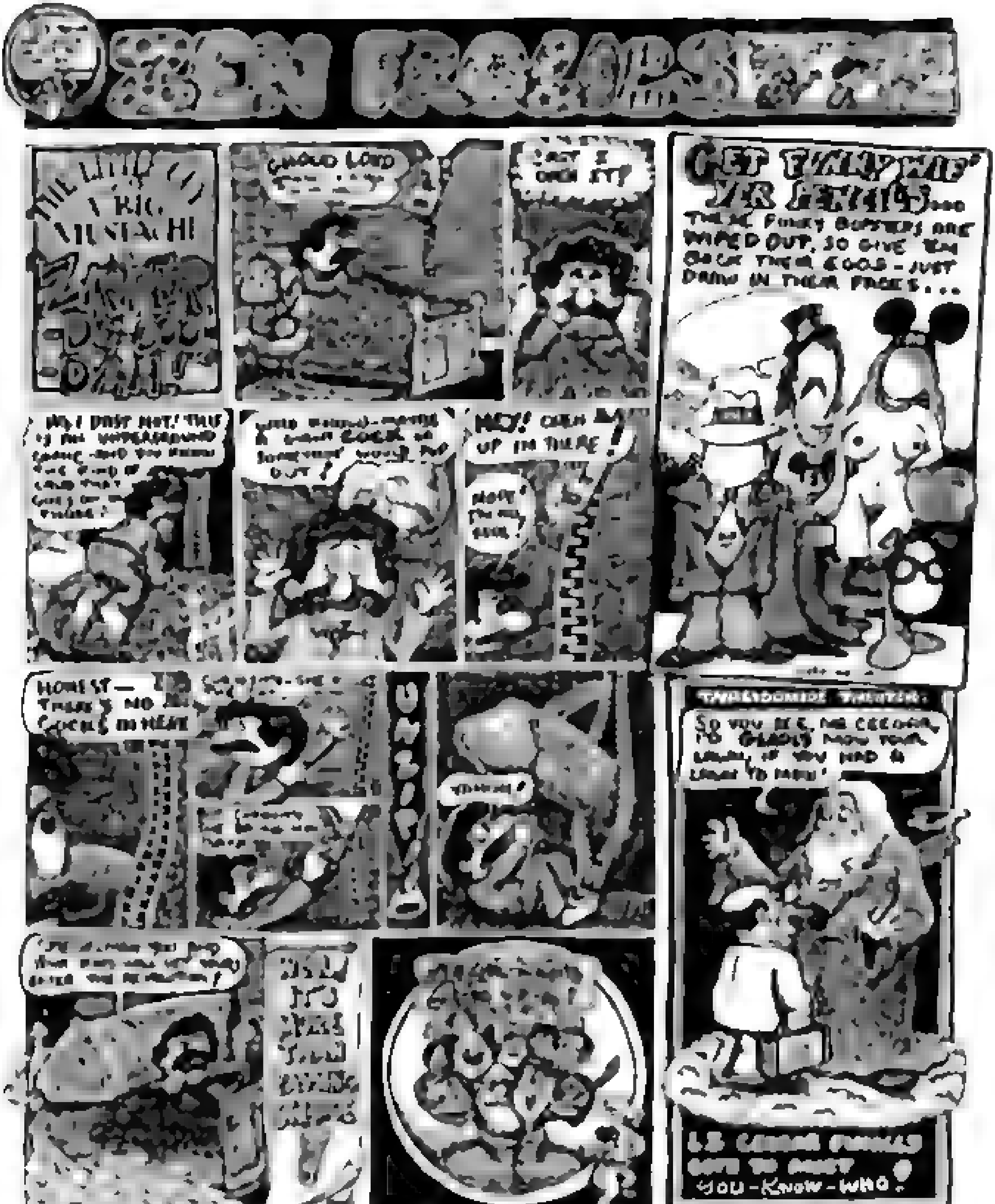
A SONNET UPON IT by R. CRUMB

ya gotta...

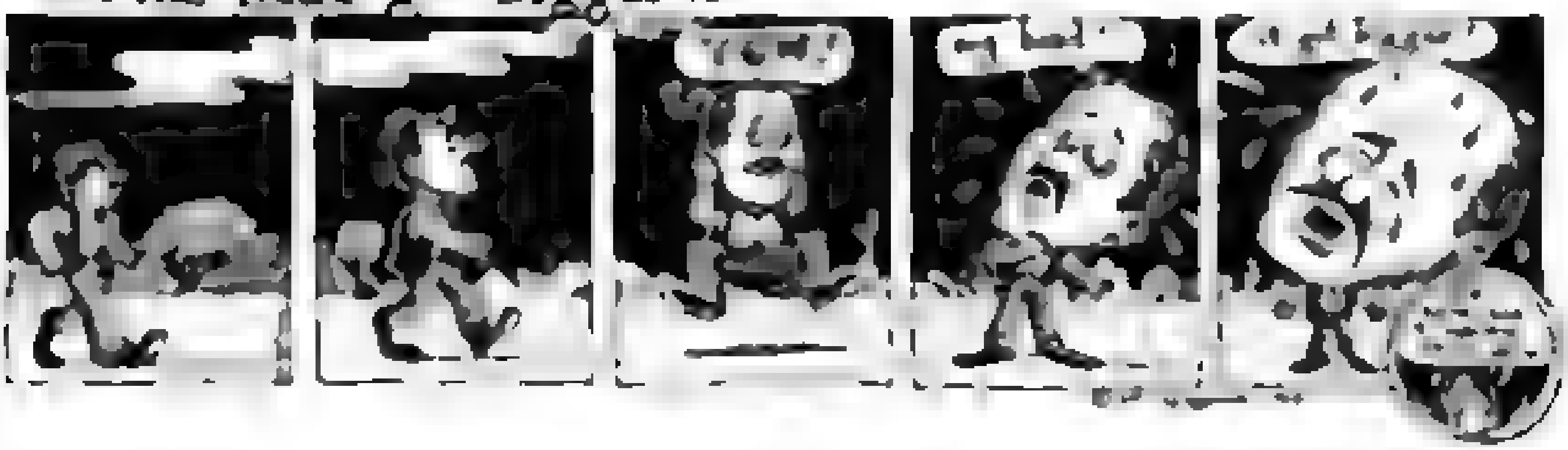

GIT ON IT!!
CHEER MOBILE
BEEP BEEP
HIT ON IT!!
SNAP
SHIT ON IT!!
SIT ON IT!!
TIT ON IT!!
QUIT ON IT!!

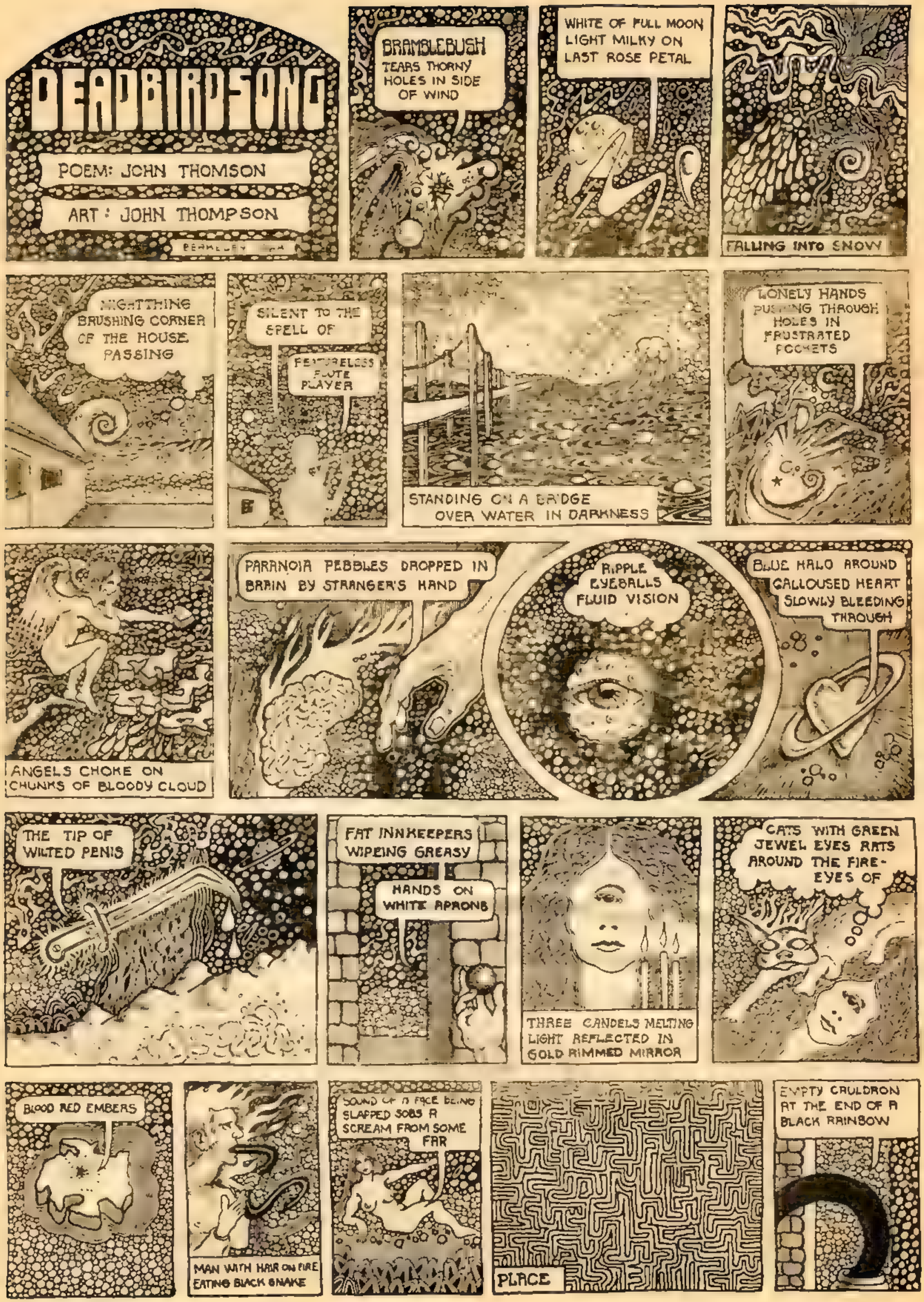

and ya gotta...
FUCK IT!
SUCK IT!
TRUCK IT!
SHUCK IT!
YUK IT!
DUCK IT
QUACK
you ought to...
HANG IT!
BANG IT!
MILK IT
BILK IT
YANK IT!
CRANK IT!
you can always...
HOG IT...
FLOG IT..
BOG IT..
SOG IT..
GROG IT..
CLOG IT..
hey listen, you can
EAT IT...
GREET IT...
HEAT IT...
BEAT IT..
REET IT...
ZEET IT!
OH BABY! HUG IT CHUG IT BUG IT 'N PLUG IT!!
MMM... WINE IT DINE IT SHINE IT 'N SIGN IT!!
STEW IT, SHOE IT, EVEN CHEW IT IF YA WANT, BUT...
DO IT!!
THE END ....NOW GO TO IT!!

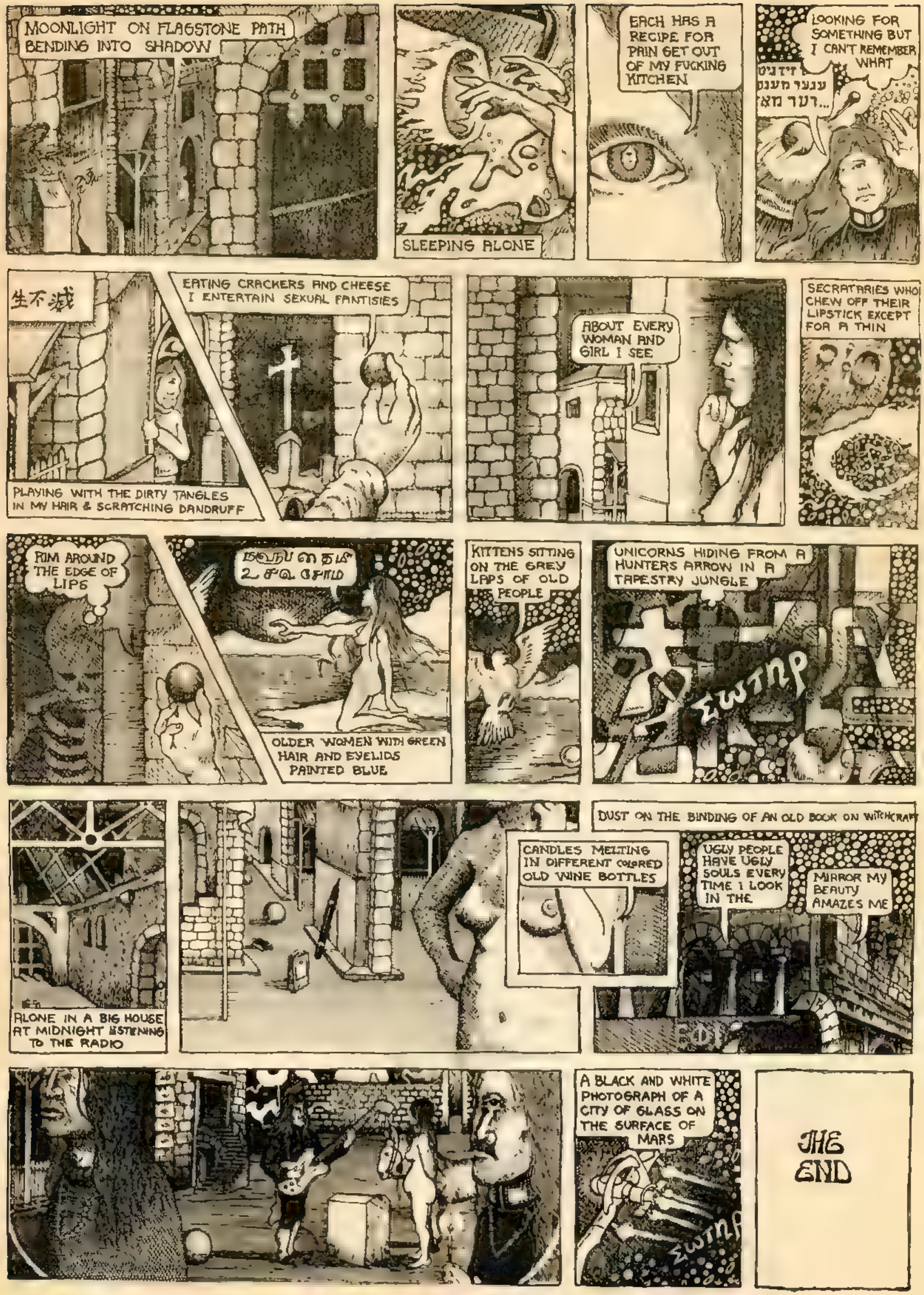

THE LEGIONS OF HORST
IM BAD
IM BAD
SPLKLNG
UNNNGAH
CHOKE
SHLANG!
TAKE THAT SWINE
UNH
YOUR TIME HAS COME PLATRMON

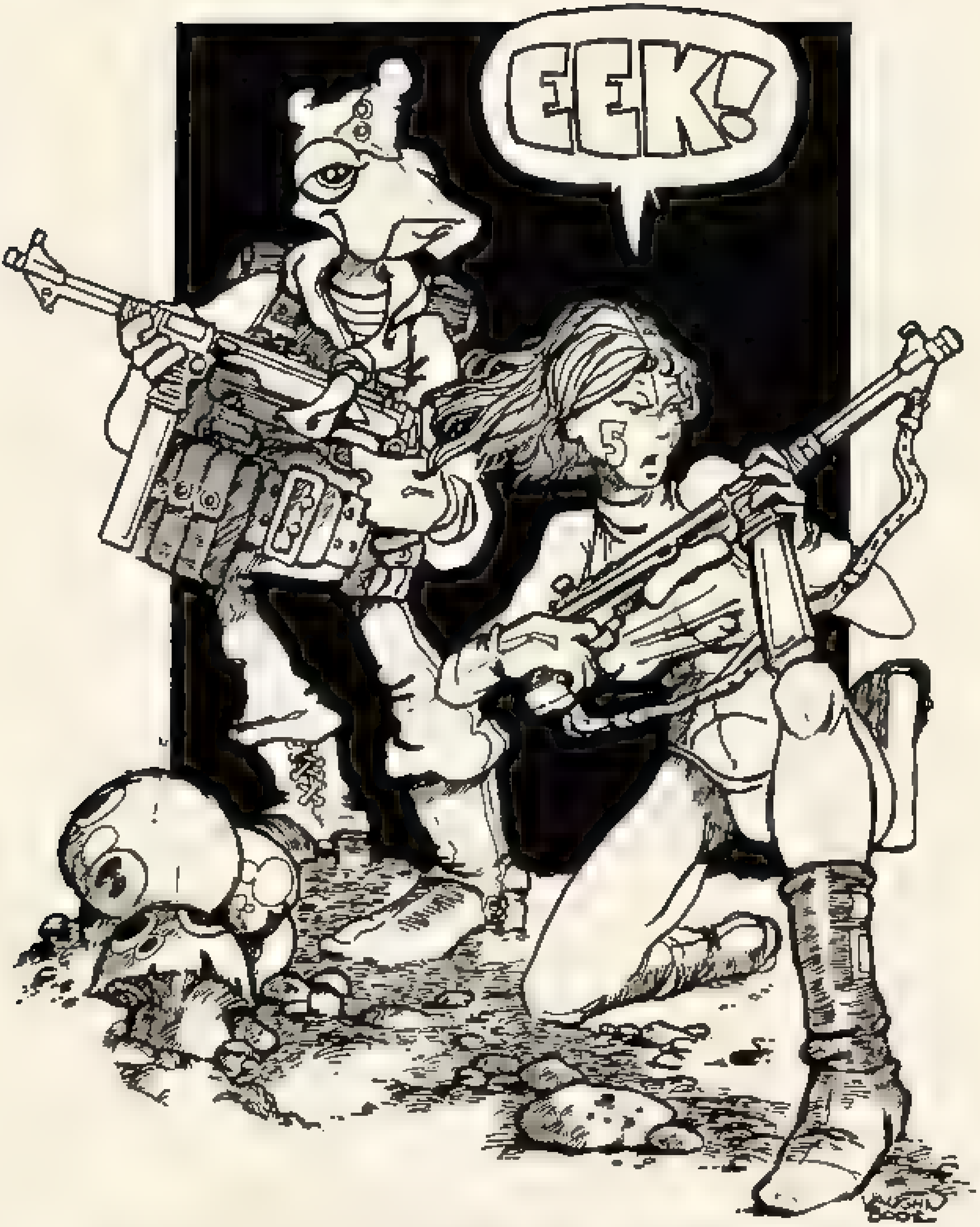

THE LITTLE GUY
A BIG
MUSTACHE
GOOD LORD
HEY! OPEN UP IN THERE!
HONEST — THERE'S NO COCKS IN HERE
GET FUNKY WIF' YER PENCILS...
THESE FUNKY BOPSTERS ARE WIPED OUT, SO GIVE 'EM BACK THEIR EGOS - JUST DRAW IN THEIR FACES...
YOU-KNOW-WHO!

and his head got bigger....


YOW!
my head
it got bigger


DEADBIRDSONG
POEM: JOHN THOMSON
ART : JOHN THOMPSON
BERKELEY CA
BRAMBLEBUSH TEARS THORNY HOLES IN SIDE OF WIND
WHITE OF FULL MOON LIGHT MILKY ON LAST ROSE PETAL
FALLING INTO SNOW
NIGHTTHING BRUSHING CORNER OF THE HOUSE PASSING
SILENT TO THE SPELL OF
FEATURELESS FLUTE PLAYER
STANDING ON A BRIDGE OVER WATER IN DARKNESS
LONELY HANDS PUSHING THROUGH HOLES IN FRUSTRATED POCKETS
ANGELS CHOKE ON CHUNKS OF BLOODY CLOUD
PARANOIA PEBBLES DROPPED IN BRAIN BY STRANGER'S HAND
RIPPLE EYEBALLS FLUID VISION
BLUE HALO AROUND CALLOUSED HEART SLOWLY BLEEDING THROUGH
THE TIP OF WILTED PENIS
FAT INNKEEPERS WIPEING GREASY
HANDS ON WHITE APRONS
THREE CANDELS MELTING LIGHT REFLECTED IN GOLD RIMMED MIRROR
CATS WITH GREEN JEWEL EYES RATS AROUND THE FIRE-EYES OF
BLOOD RED EMBERS
MAN WITH HAIR ON FIRE EATING BLACK SNAKE
SOUND OF A FACE BEING SLAPPED SOBS A SCREAM FROM SOME FAR
PLACE
EMPTY CAULDRON AT THE END OF A BLACK RAINBOW


MOONLIGHT ON FLAGSTONE PATH BENDING INTO SHADOW
SLEEPING ALONE
EACH HAS A RECIPE FOR PAIN GET OUT OF MY FUCKING KITCHEN
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT
זיד ניט
ענער מענ
רער מא...
生不滅
EATING CRACKERS AND CHEESE I ENTERTAIN SEXUAL FANTISIES
PLAYING WITH THE DIRTY TANGLES IN MY HAIR & SCRATCHING DANDRUFF
ABOUT EVERY WOMAN AND GIRL I SEE
SECRATARIES WHO CHEW OFF THEIR LIPSTICK EXCEPT FOR A THIN
RIM AROUND THE EDGE OF LIPS
நஒநப் ளைதமீ
உசவு சோம
OLDER WOMEN WITH GREEN HAIR AND EYELIDS PAINTED BLUE
KITTENS SITTING ON THE GREY LAPS OF OLD PEOPLE
UNICORNS HIDING FROM A HUNTERS ARROW IN A TAPESTRY JUNGLE
ΣWTNP
ALONE IN A BIG HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT LISTENING TO THE RADIO
DUST ON THE BINDING OF AN OLD BOOK ON WITCHCRAFT
CANDLES MELTING IN DIFFERENT COLORED OLD WINE BOTTLES
UGLY PEOPLE HAVE UGLY SOULS EVERY TIME I LOOK IN THE
MIRROR MY BEAUTY AMAZES ME
A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH OF A CITY OF GLASS ON THE SURFACE OF MARS
ΣWTNP
THE END



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ISN'T GOTHIC BLIMP FUN, GANG?!!.. BE THE FIRST HEAD ON YOUR BLOCK TO DEGENERATE YOUR LOVED ONES MONTHLY!! SEND US YOUR MONEY TODAY AN YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO REGRET IT...

ETHNIC REPRINT FUNNIES PRESENTS

A RARE OLD "GOOD-TIMES" CLASSIC!

THE JOLLY JIGABOOS!!

by "REB" LYNCH,

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF R. BRAND

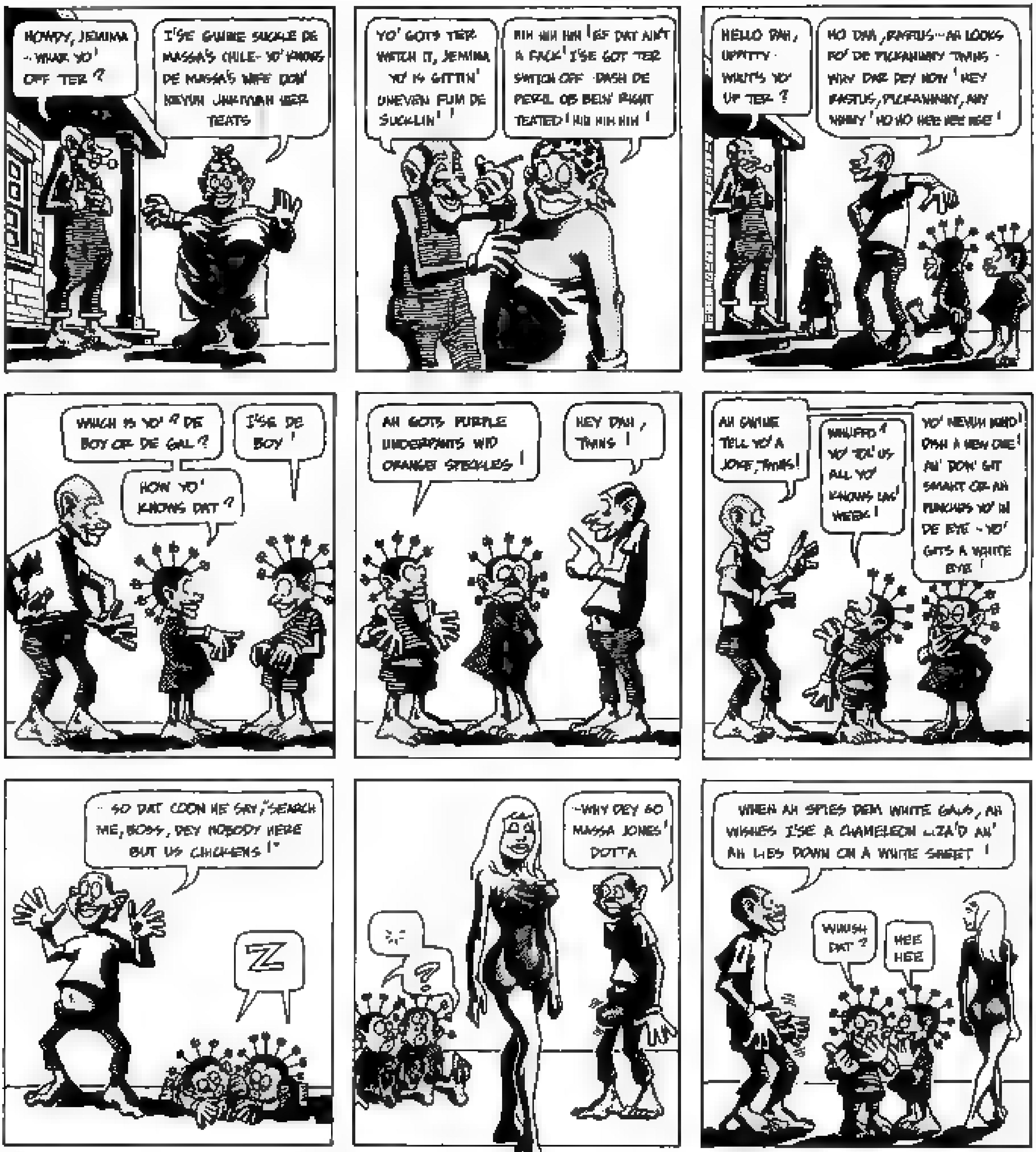

HOWDY, JEMIMA - WHAR YO' OFF TER?
I'SE GWINE SUCKLE DE MASSA'S CHILE - YO' KNOWS DE MASSA'S WIFE DON' NEVUH JUMMAH HER TEATS
YO' GOTS TER WATCH IT, JEMIMA YO' IS GITTIN' UNEVEN FUM DE SUCKLIN'!
HIH HIH HIH! EF DAT AIN'T A FACK! I'SE GOT TER SWITCH OFF - DASH DE PERIL OB BEIN' RIGHT TEATED! HIH HIH HIH!
HELLO DAH, UPPITY - WHUT'S YO' UP TER?
HO DAH, RASTUS - AH LOOKS FO' DE PICKANINNY TWINS - WHY DAR DEY NOW! HEY RASTUS, PICKANINNY, AN' NINNY! HO HO HEE HEE HEE!
WHICH IS YO'? DE BOY OR DE GAL?
I'SE DE BOY!
HOW YO' KNOWS DAT?
AH GOTS PURPLE UNDERPANTS WID ORANGE SPECKLES!
HEY DAH, TWINS!
AH GWINE TELL YO' A JOKE, TWINS!
WHUFFO! YO' TOL' US ALL YO' KNOWS LAS' WEEK!
YO' NEVUH KNO! DAH A NEW ONE! AN' DON' GIT SMAHT OR AH PUNCHES YO' IN DE EYE - YO' GITS A WHITE EYE!
... SO DAT COON HE SAY, "SEARCH ME, BOSS, DEY NOBODY HERE BUT US CHICKENS!"
Z
?
- WHY DEY GO MASSA JONES' DOTTA
WHEN AH SPIES DEM WHITE GALS, AH WISHES I'SE A CHAMELEON LIZA'D AN' AH LIES DOWN ON A WHITE SHEET!
WHUSH DAT?
HEE HEE

Photo taken in 1928

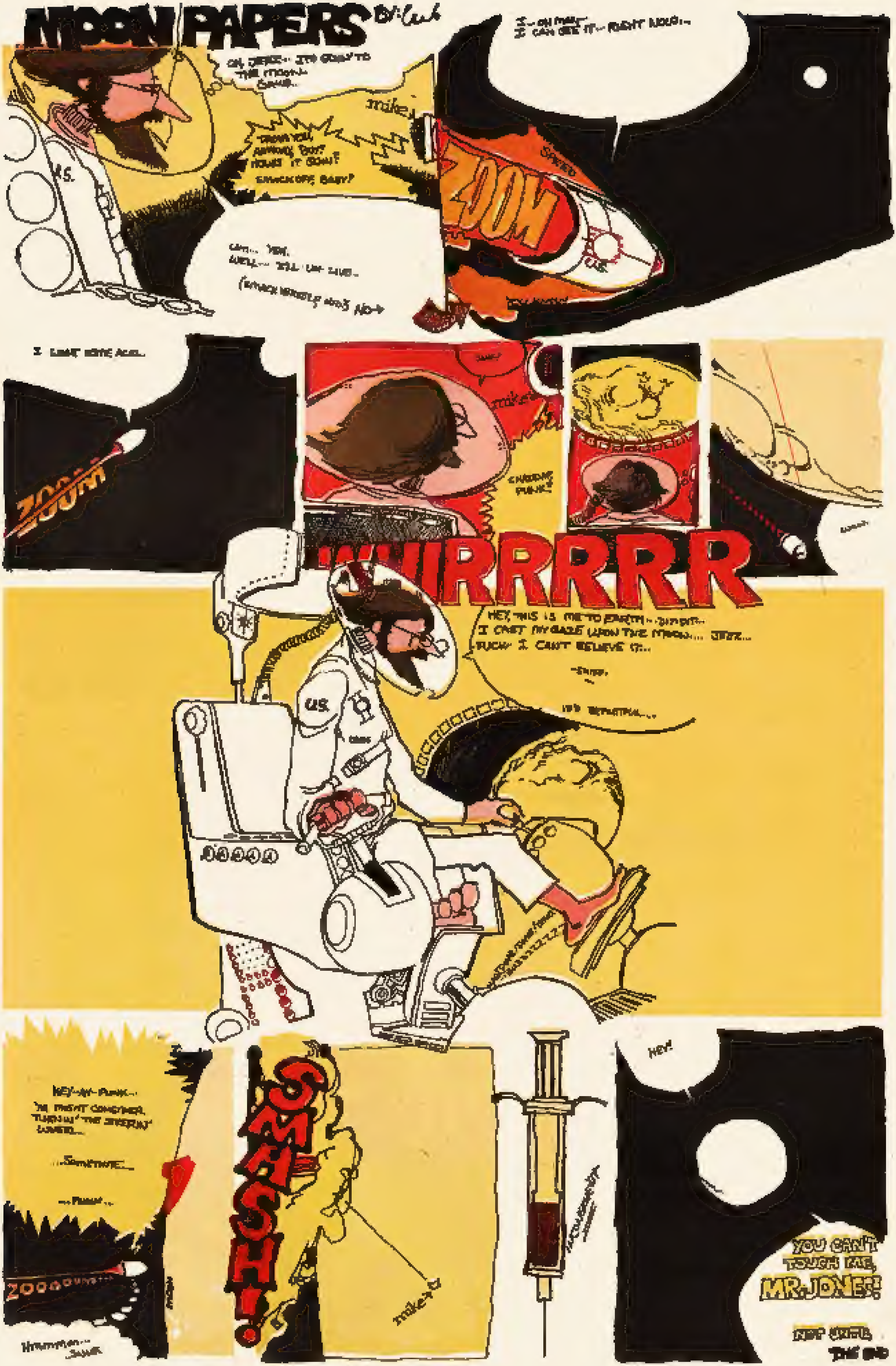
AND NOW A WORD ABOUT THE CARTOONIST!!

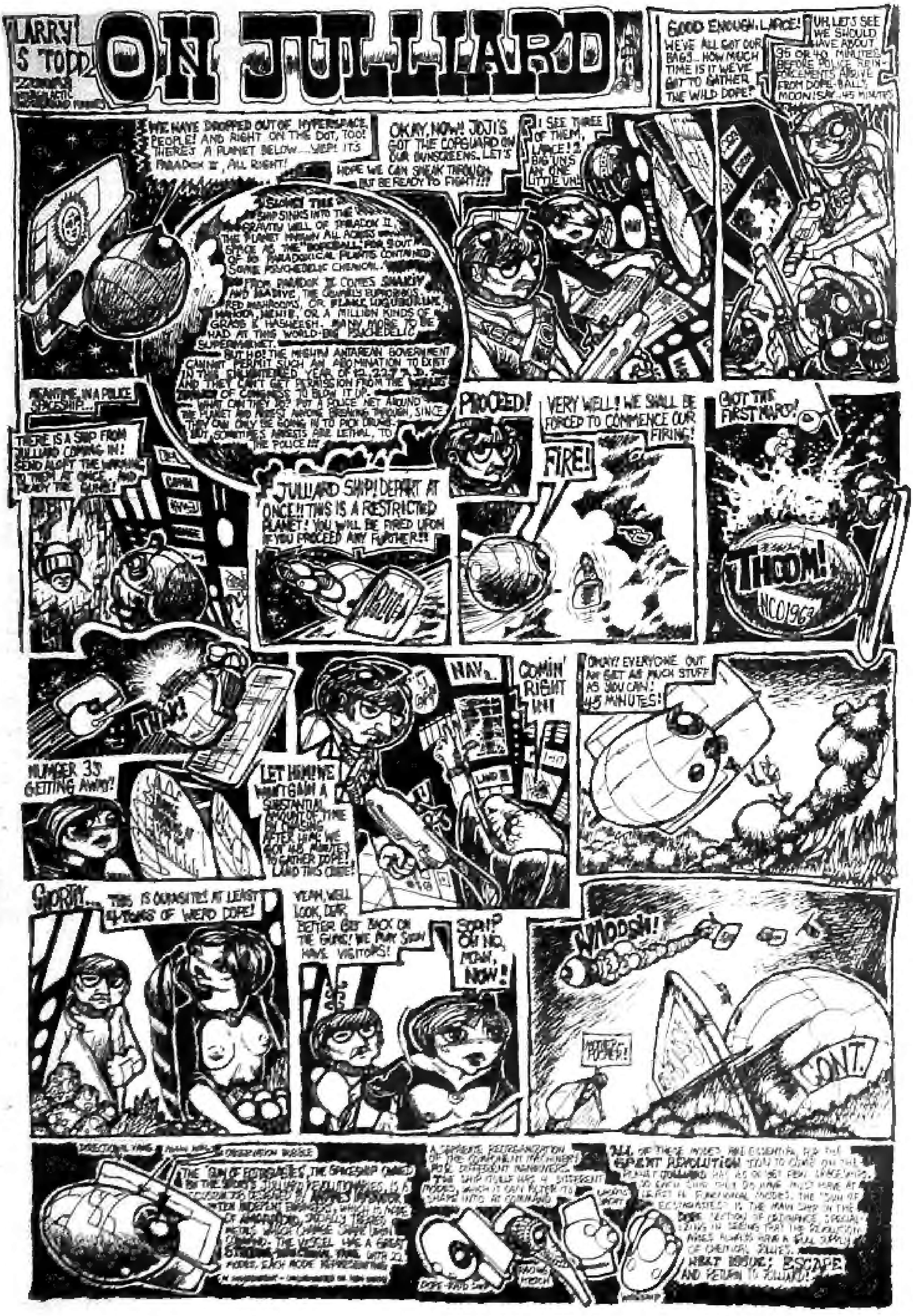
GENIAL "REB" LYNCH WAS BORN IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, ALABAMA, IN 1887. THIS OCTOGENARIAN FROM DIXIE HAS THIS TO SAY ABOUT HIS CARTOON MASTERPIECE FROM YESTERYEAR: "IT'S TOO BAD FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION IS AT SUCH A LOW EBB IN THE U.S. TODAY. THERE WAS NO SUCH BARRIER IN THE '20s AND '30s, WHEN I HAD SUCH A GREAT TIME WRITING AND DRAWING 'THE JOLLY JIGABOOS.' THEY WERE ALL TAKEN FROM LIFE, TOO. 'RASTUS' WAS THE FRIENDLY OLD DRUNKEN NIGGER WHO WAS NEVER TOO DRUNK TO SING US A BEAUTIFUL SONG AS WE SAT ON THE PORCH SIPPING MINT JULEPS. 'JEMIMA' WAS YOUR TYPICAL 'DOMESTIC' WHO WE ALL LOVED SO. LAWDY, HOW MANY OF OUR YOUNGUNS SHE HELPED BRING INTO THE WORLD! YOU'VE ALL SEEN, EVEN TODAY, DARKIE KIDS AS YET UNSPOILED LIKE THOSE CUTE 'PICKANINNY TWINS' AND 'UPPITY' WAS THE YOUNG BUCK WHO WAS ALWAYS GETTING IN TROUBLE FOR WANTING TO PIDDLE A WHITE GIRL.

"YET, THOSE WERE THE COLOREDS I GREW UP WITH AND LOVED. LOOKS LIKE THOSE DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER, WHAT WITH ALL THE TROUBLE, BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE IF WE TRY. THAT'S WHY I'M VOTING FOR MR. WALLACE, THE PEACE CANDIDATE, IF I HAVE THE STRENGTH TO GET TO THE POLLS. I THINK MR. WALLACE WILL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT AGAIN."

SHORTS IN THE BOWL
S. CLAY WILSON 1968.
TWO TOOTHLESS DEMONS ARE EATING..
WHAT IS THIS SHIT WERE SUCKIN' DOWN?
SHLUP
CANT SAY IT..
THESE LITTLE THINGS DONT SLIDE DOWN TOO EASY...
NEED SOME KINDA' JUICE...
LETS GO OVER TO THE OTHER ROOM FOR SOME OF THAT JUICE..
RIGHT THROUGH THAT HALL...
YOU COMIN' WITH ME?
NOT QUITE YET, IM GONNA' LAP THESE PLATES CLEAN FIRST... JUST GO THROUGH THAT DOOR THERE... LOTSA' JUICE IN THERE.
RIGHT THROUGH THERE, DOUGH BUTT!
YUK YUK
KICK
ZIP
SLAM
CLICK
A TRAP!
AH, HERES A LIGHT BUTTON, LETS SEE WHERE IM...WHA??
SNAP
IM THE SQUEEZER! LOOKIT MY HANDS...LOOKIT' THEM THUMBS!
WHO, MAY I ASK, ARE YOU?
EVERYTHING HE EATS IN THERE I SQUEEZE DOWN INTO MUSH FIRST... YOU'RE THE NEXT DISH!
YURRK
BULGE STRAIN
YEEEEIK
AHHHHHHH SQUEEZE 'IM DOWN FOR ME, SQUEEZER
YURPP
HERE YA GO... STILL WARM.. HE WAS A LITTLE TOUGH, BUT I GOT 'IM GROUND DOWN.
AHHHHH
IDIOT!
BOM!
ZIP
STUPID SQUEEZER! HE LEFT THE SHORTS IN THE BOWL....
EAT IT...

MOON PAPERS

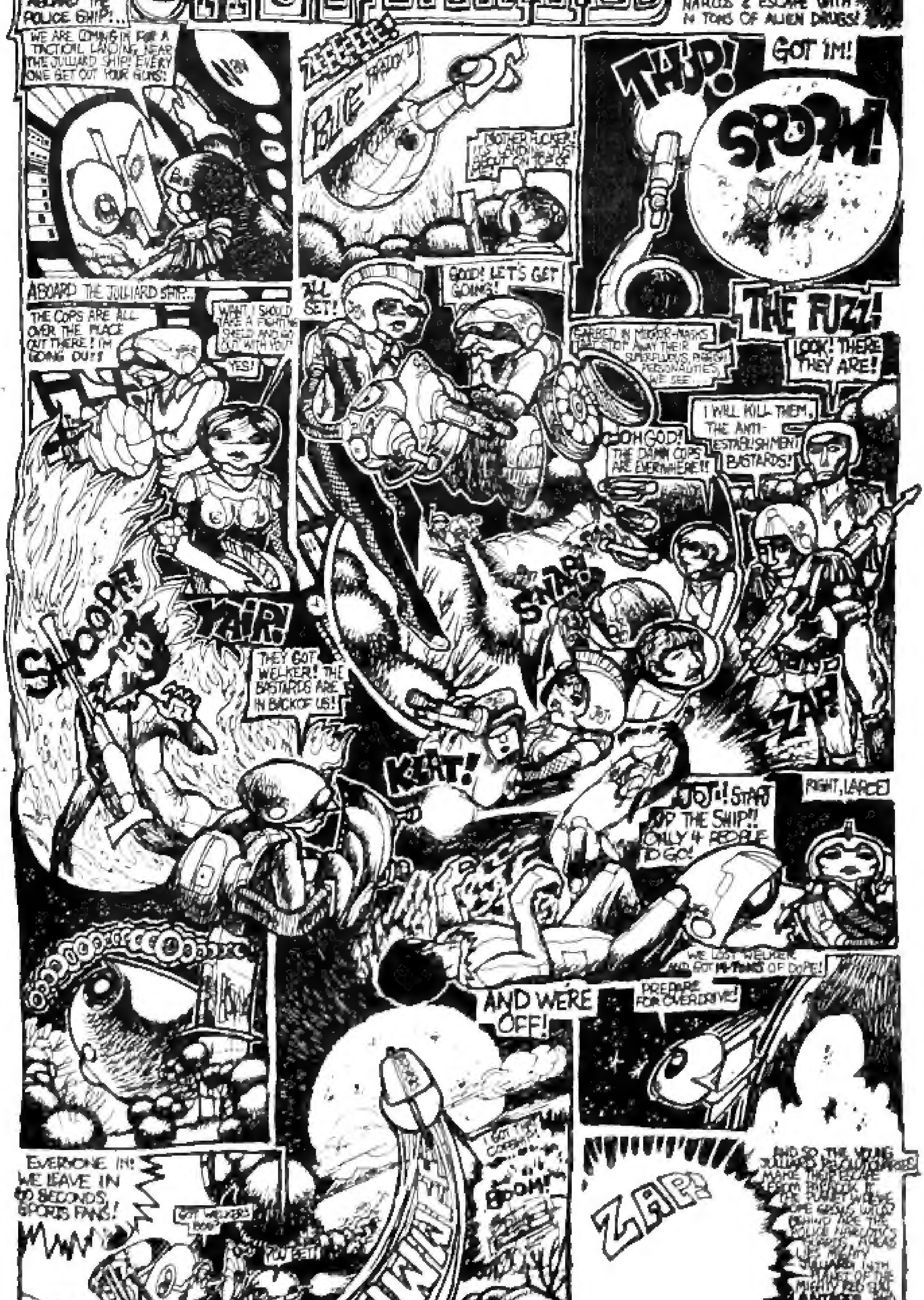

BY: Mike
OH, JEEZ... I'M GOIN' TO THE MOON... GANG...
mike
THANK YOU, ARMORY BOY! HOW'S IT GOIN'? SMACK-OFF, BABY!
UM... YEH. WELL... I'LL UH LIVE...
I... OH MAN! I CAN SEE IT... RIGHT NOW!...
ZOOM
SPEED
U.S.
I CAN'T WAIT...
ZOOM
mike
WHIRRRRRR
HEY, THIS IS ME TO EARTH... DIG IT... I CAST MY GAZE UPON THE MOON... JEEZ... MAN I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...
IT'S BEAUTIFUL...
U.S.
HEY-AH-PUNK...
'YA MIGHT CONSIDER TURNIN' THE STEERIN' WHEEL...
...SOMETIME...
...PUNK...
ZOOOOOM...
SMASH!
mike
HEY!
YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME, MR. JONES!
THE END

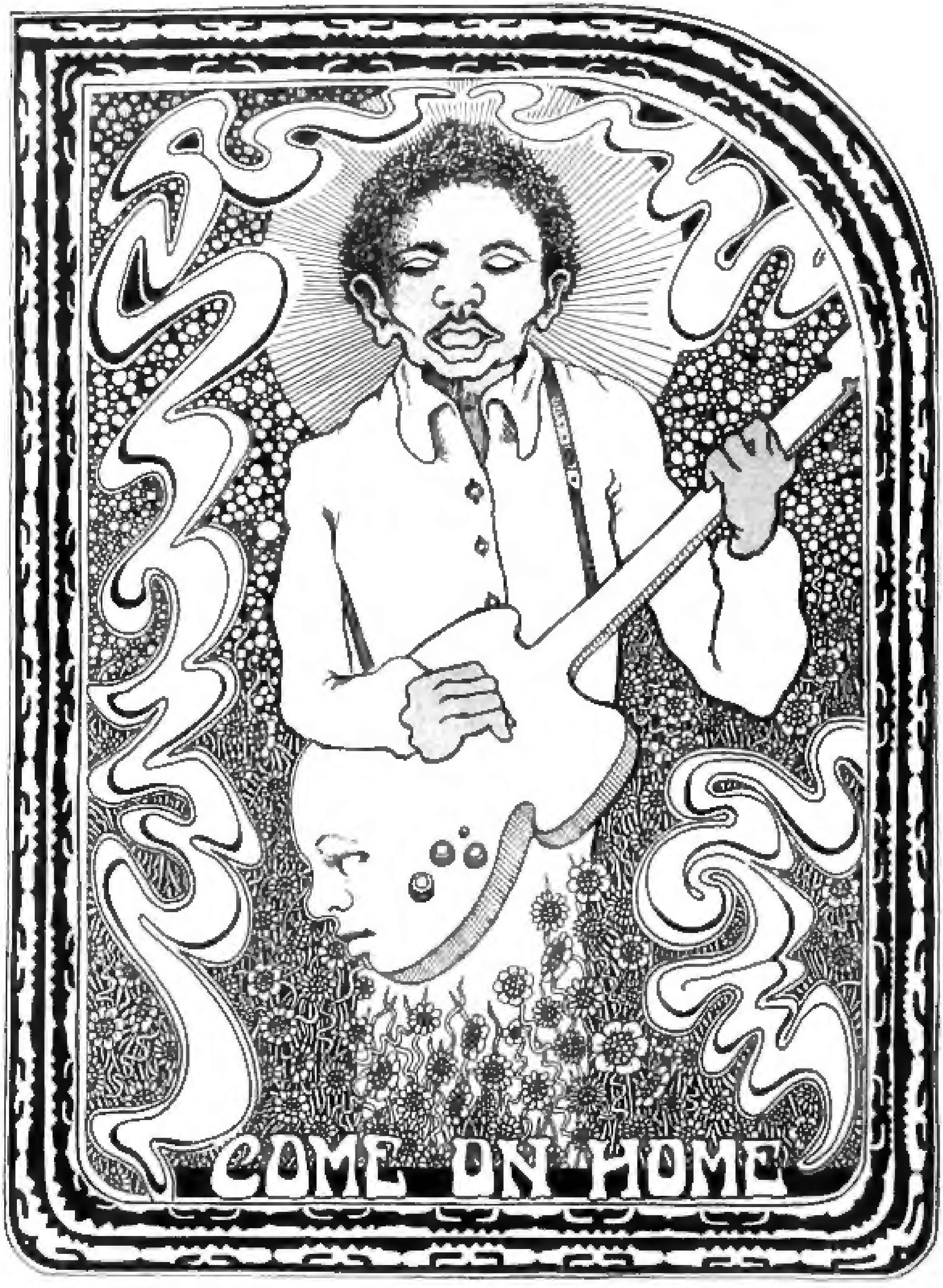

LARRY S TODD
ON JULLIARD
GOOD ENOUGH, LANCE! WE'VE ALL GOT OUR BAGS.. HOW MUCH TIME IS IT WE'VE GOT TO GATHER THE WILD DOPE?
UH, LET'S SEE WE SHOULD HAVE ABOUT 35 OR 40 MINUTES BEFORE POLICE REIN-FORCEMENTS ARRIVE FROM DOPE-BALL'S MOON! SAY.. 45 MINUTES
WE HAVE DROPPED OUT OF HYPERSPACE, PEOPLE! AND RIGHT ON THE DOT, TOO! THERE'S A PLANET BELOW.... YEP! ITS PARADOX II, ALL RIGHT!
OKAY, NOW! JOJI'S GOT THE COPGUARD ON OUR BUNSCREENS. LET'S HOPE WE CAN SNEAK THROUGH, BUT BE READY TO FIGHT!!!
I SEE THREE OF THEM, LANCE! 2 BIG UNS AN' ONE LITTLE UN!
SLOWLY THE SHIP SINKS INTO THE GRAVITY WELL OF PARADOX II, THE PLANET KNOWN ALL ACROSS SPACE AS THE "DOPEBALL" FOR 80% OF ITS PARADOXICAL PLANTS CONTAINED SOME PSYCHEDELIC CHEMICAL.
FROM PARADOX II COMES SHAKY AND MADIVE, THE GHASTLY EUPHORBIUS, RED MUSHROOMS, OR BLAKE LOQUTHUMLIKE, MAGON, MENITE, OR A MILLION KINDS OF GRASS & HASHEESH.. MANY MORE TO BE HAD AT THIS WORLD-BIG PSYCHEDELIC SUPERMARKET.
BUT HO! THE MIGHTY ANTAREAN GOVERNMENT CANNOT PERMIT SUCH AN ABOMINATION TO EXIST IN THIS ENLIGHTENED YEAR OF 12,227 A.D. AND THEY CAN'T GET PERMISSION FROM THE [illegible] OF CONGRESS TO BLOW IT UP.
WHAT CAN THEY DO? PUT A POLICE NET AROUND THE PLANET AND ARREST ANYONE BREAKING THROUGH, SINCE THEY CAN ONLY BE GOING IN TO PICK DRUGS. BUT SOMETIMES ARRESTS ARE LETHAL, TO THE POLICE!!!
MEANTIME, IN A POLICE SPACESHIP...
THERE IS A SHIP FROM JULLIARD COMING IN! SEND ALOFT THE WARNING TO THEM AT ONCE, AND READY THE GUNS!
JULLIARD SHIP! DEPART AT ONCE!! THIS IS A RESTRICTED PLANET! YOU WILL BE FIRED UPON IF YOU PROCEED ANY FURTHER!!
PROCEED!
VERY WELL! WE SHALL BE FORCED TO COMMENCE OUR FIRING!
FIRE!
GOT THE FIRST NARC!
THOOM!
NCO1963
NUMBER 33 GETTING AWAY!
LET HIM! WE WON'T GAIN A SUBSTANTIAL AMOUNT OF TIME BY CHASING AFTER HIM! WE GOT 45 MINUTES TO GATHER DOPE! LAND THIS CRATE!
NAV..
COMIN' RIGHT IN!
OKAY! EVERYONE OUT AN' GET AS MUCH STUFF AS YOU CAN! 45 MINUTES!
SHORTY... THIS IS OUTASITE! AT LEAST 4 TONS OF WEIRD DOPE!
YEAH, WELL LOOK, DEAR, BETTER GET BACK ON THE GUNS! WE MAY SOON HAVE VISITORS!
SOON? OH NO, MAN, NOW!
WHOOSH!
CONT.
DIRECTIONAL VANE
MAIN HULL
OBSERVATION BUBBLE
THE "SUN OF ECCENTRICITIES", THE SPACESHIP OWNED BY THE SHORTY JULLIARD REVOLUTIONARIES, IS A SPACESHIP DESIGNED BY ANDREI IVANOVICH AFTER INDEPENDENT ENGINEERS WHICH IS MADE OF [illegible], JULLIARD'S TRIANGULAR METAL WHICH CHANGE SHAPE UPON COMMAND. THE VESSEL HAS A GREAT STRUCTURAL FUNCTIONAL FORM WITH 22 MODES, EACH MODE REPRESENTING
A COMPLETE REORGANIZATION OF THE COMPONENT MACHINERY FOR DIFFERENT MANEUVERS.
THE SHIP ITSELF HAS 4 DIFFERENT MODES, WHICH IT CAN ALTER ITS SHAPE INTO AT COMMAND.
LANDING CRAFT
DOPE-RAID SHIP
FIGHTING MECH
WARSHIP
ALL OF THESE MODES ARE ESSENTIAL FOR THE GREAT REVOLUTION SOON TO COME ON THE PLANET JULLIARD WHICH AS OF YET FEW SPACESHIPS, SO EACH SHIP THEY DO HAVE MUST HAVE AT LEAST 4 FUNCTIONAL MODES. THE "SUN OF ECCENTRICITIES" IS THE MAIN SHIP IN THE DOPE SECTION OF ORDNANCE, SPECIALIZING IN SEEING THAT THE REVOLUTIONARIES ALWAYS HAVE A FULL SUPPLY OF CHEMICAL ALLIES.
NEXT ISSUE: ESCAPE AND RETURN TO JULLIARD!

ZULMAR
INTERGALACTIC UNDERGROUND FUNNY PAPERS by LARRY S TODD

ON JULLIARD

SEGMENT 2
HOW THE JULLIARD DOPE-PICKERS COMBAT 200 NARCS & ESCAPE WITH 14 TONS OF ALIEN DRUGS!


ABOARD THE POLICE SHIP!...
WE ARE COMING IN FOR A TACTICAL LANDING NEAR THE JULLIARD SHIP! EVERY ONE GET OUT YOUR GUNS!
ZEEEEEE!
POLICE
MOTHER FUCKER! ITS LANDING JUST ABOUT ON TOP OF US!
THUD!
GOT 'IM!
SPOOM!
ABOARD THE JULLIARD SHIP...
THE COPS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE OUT THERE! I'M GOING OUT!
WHAT! I SHOULD TAKE A FIGHTING SHIELD AND GO OUT WITH YOU!
YES!
ALL SET!
GOOD! LET'S GET GOING!
GARBED IN MIRROR-MASKS THAT STRIP AWAY THEIR SUPERFLUOUS PIGGISH PERSONALITIES, WE SEE...
THE FUZZ!
LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!
I WILL KILL THEM, THE ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT BASTARDS!
OH GOD! THE DAMN COPS ARE EVERYWHERE!!
SHOOP!
YAIR!
SNAP!
ZAP
THEY GOT WELKER! THE BASTARDS ARE IN BACK OF US!
KERT!
JOT! START UP THE SHIP!! ONLY 4 PEOPLE TO GO!
RIGHT, LARCE!
WE LOST WELKER AND GOT 14 TONS OF DOPE!
AND WE'RE OFF!
PREPARE FOR OVERDRIVE!
EVERYONE IN! WE LEAVE IN 60 SECONDS, SPORTS FANS!
GOT WELKER'S BOD
I GOT THE CORPS...
BOOM!
ZAP!
AND SO THE YOUNG JULLIARD REVOLUTIONARIES MAKE THEIR ESCAPE FROM [illegible] THE PLANET WHERE DOPE GROWS WILD. BEHIND ARE THE POLICE NARCOTICS [illegible] THE MIGHTY JULLIARD WITH [illegible] OF THE MIGHTY RED [illegible] ANTARES AND [illegible] FOR THE REVOLUTION!



LUTHER JOHNSON WITH
MUDDY WATERS BLUES BAND

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